

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY



ALL pains and self denials are barren and dangerous self-deceptions if they are not prompted and inspired and imposed by love. Only love's own royal hand can make the thorns into a crown. It is false therefore to say that a life is to be measured by loss or pain; it can only be measured by love. That, at least is how it will be measured and judged one day.

—Hugh Black

CHICAGO

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He that does a base thing in zeal for
his friend, burns the golden thread that
ties their hearts together.—Jeremy
Taylor.

THE ETHICAL REVIVAL.

Grafting is no longer good form. Hon-
esty is getting mighty popular. How
long can its vogue be maintained? That
question in one form or another is press-
ing just now upon a great many minds.
Thousands of observers ask themselves
or one another whether the bosses are
beaten for good, or whether there has
been achieved no more than a change of
bosses. The general impressions of Joseph
Folk on the subject ought to com-
mand attention. They are very deep and
very hopeful. As quoted by the World,
just before election Governor Folk ex-
pressed the conviction that the moral
wave that is sweeping over this country
is of a degree of power the like of which
has not been seen since the coming of
Christ, unless it was in the Lutheran re-
formation. This opinion of Governor
Folk is based on what he feels, on what
he reads and hears, and on what he has
observed this year in the course of
travels that have extended to the Pacific
coast and into the South. Religion, he
says, has entered into politics. A new
patriotism, of the heart rather than of
the head, has been aroused. He predicts
that before this movement subsides all
monopolies will be wiped out. "The pur-
chase of votes," he says, "is becoming
impossible, and the movement will ex-
tend into the most intimate relations of
life, and will effect the most tremendous
reforms."—The Open Door, Appleton.

The worst of slaves is he whom pas-
sion rules.—H. Brooke.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread
of it each day and at last we cannot
break it.—Horace Mann.

The way to mount to the top of the
ladder is to climb it.—Ex.

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EDITORIAL

The Union of all Christians upon the Apostolic Faith, Spirit and Service.

THE PASSION OF PEACE.

The Journals of Europe and America have contained repeated references to the International Peace Conference at The Hague which has been in session during the past month. Americans have been chiefly interested in it from the fact that a Palace of Peace is to be erected by Mr. Andrew Carnegie for the use of future conferences and for the International Court of Arbitration created by The Hague gatherings, and that in the present assembly such American representatives as General Porter and Mr. Choate have had a prominent and honorable place.

But it is only upon reflection that the significance of this conference can be understood. It was in 1898 that the Russian Czar invited the nations, through their representatives in St. Petersburg, to meet at some convenient place and consider the two questions, "Is it not time to begin the gradual disarmament of the nations which have large standing armies?" and "Is it not practicable to settle international disputes by arbitration rather than war?" Such suggestions from the war lord of one of the most militant of the European powers astonished the world. Those who really accepted the ethics of Jesus as practicable hailed it as the dawn of the era of peace. Diplomats and politicians of the older school smiled cynically at what they called the childish vagary of an impulsive ruler. It must be confessed that the conduct of the Czar since that time, both in his relations with other powers and in his treatment of his own people, has gone far to justify the cynics.

But the idea of peace is greater than any one man, even though he be the Autocrat of all the Russias. The agitation resulting from the first conference that met in the little capital of Holland produced good results. Men began to think of the proposals considered in that meeting, and not merely of the young man who had professed a desire for peace and then had gone to war. In 1899 the representatives of twenty-six nations met in the splendor of military uniforms and in a half skeptical mood to consider whether it was worth while to propose peace measures to one another. This year forty-five nations were represented by men who wore not uniforms or military decorations, but the garments of peace, and entered with seriousness, if not with enthusiasm, into the business of the meeting.

This is vastly encouraging. One must not be impatient for results. The love of war is innate in most men. A military procession rouses the emotions as do few other spectacles. The horrors of war and the entire military system cloak themselves under the engaging watchwords of patriotism, liberty and progress. Yet the fallacy is glaring. Few evils retard the patriotism and progress more successfully than the continuance of the war spirit in the world.

There is hardly a country in Europe that is not groaning under a burden of military expenses which it is barely able to support. And yet the governments of Germany, France, England, Italy and Russia are calling for larger equipments in order that there may be due and adequate preparation against a time of danger. De Toqueville prophesied that the day would soon come when, what with actual military for defenses, standing armies and pensions for old soldiers and their families, every farmer and mechanic would go to his work with a soldier on his back. That prediction is coming true. The only considerations which reconcile the people to such an outgrown system are their love of the pageant of war and their delusion that in armaments lies their only safety.

In America we are fortunate in having little of this jingoism. Our small standing army is in no need of increase. It is more than questionable whether the time and attention given to military training in schools outside West Point are not a waste of valuable time on the part of the student, a perpetuation of barbaric traditions, and an obstacle to the realization of the Christian ideal of peace.

One cannot fail to admire the ceaseless advocacy of all peace measures by the Friends, a religious body small in numbers and influence, but unwavering in its adherence to the principles of human brotherhood and love. There are times when the spirit of war has swept most men away into a struggle with their fellow man. But the Quakers have never ceased to testify that such strife could be avoided, and that it was the duty of all to seek out this better way.

The fighting spirit dies hard. It has many defenses. It makes its appeal to heroic and beautiful sentiments. It clothes itself in brilliant and attractive garments. It summons art, literature, history to glorify it. Yet it is wrong, frightfully and murderously wrong, and cannot abide in the presence of Him who came to bring peace on earth and good will among men. More of this evangel is needed in the pulpit, more of this faith in the pew, more of this propaganda in the school, more of this spirit in society, till men, viewing the war spirit in its true light, shall take seriously and in their wider scope the words of the ancient law giver, "Thou shalt do no murder."

H. L. W.

COMMENT IN BRIEF.

Rev. Thomas Treadwell Eaton, D. D., LL. D., editor of the Western Recorder, passed away recently. He was a pastor as well as editor, serving for twenty-six years as the minister of one of the leading Baptist Churches in Louisville, Ky. In his pastoral and editorial work he made for himself a wide circle of influence.

Dr. C. B. Spencer, editor of the Central

Christian Advocate, and his wife recently returned to their home in Kansas City, Mo., having completed a European tour.

According to reports from Canada there is stronger hope for the ultimate union into one Protestant body of the Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Methodists. The Presbyterians have expressed themselves as in favor of deliberate action, which will make for a real and lasting union.

We rejoice with our brethern of San Francisco in the news of a gift of \$5,000. from Brother Stockton of St. Louis, Mo. This brings nearer the realization of the conditions under which Brother Long of Kansas City, made his gift for San Francisco and gives further assurance of Missouri's \$25,000 for San Francisco. Elsewhere will be found some splendid reports of gifts for this purpose from our churches, and that, too, at a time of the year when it is not easy to raise missionary offerings.

News published last week in regard to our churches at Pomona, Cal., Portland, Ore., and Seattle, Wash., which have created new Named Funds for Church Extension, turns our eyes to the coming of the Church Extension offering in September. We are pleased by this early evidence of greater interest in our Church Extension work on the coast. It is not too early for eastern churches to form the purpose of having some worthy part in enlarging our funds for the erection of church buildings.

Elsewhere will be found another article in our strong series on "Systematic and Proportionate Giving." We wish it were possible for these excellent papers to come into the hands of every church officer in the brotherhood, for at this time of the year especially the problem of church finances becomes a pressing one, and many church deficits testify to the necessity of the cultivation of systematic giving. If all of the members of the official boards could be brought to a consideration of the wisdom of such a policy as has been advocated in this series of articles, we are sure that the passing of summer would bring a much smaller number of churches face to face with a church debt in the fall. If to any degree these articles are leading churches to a serious consideration of business methods in Christian service, the authors of the articles and editors of the Christian Century will be gratified to have been thus of service to our pastors and church officers.

Word comes to us from some of the brethern of open air services during the summer months. Empty pews during the hot summer days are a problem to almost every pastor. Summer time is increasingly for the American people a

time for God's out of doors. In some places it is possible for one church or a number of churches in union services to carry on with dignity, reverence, and success, meetings in the open air, and we believe it will be the testimony of those pastors and churches which are trying such a plan this summer, that on the whole this change of place and char-

acter in church services for the summer repays every effort. It means getting out of the rut for both pastors and people. It means new methods of work, new view points of service, the enlistment of new forces, awakened energies, and effective touch with new people.

God's mortals are immortals.—Ex.

"Failure to lay hold on the best means failure to reach the best."

Pain is a herald of weakness; it may also be the prophecy of strength.—Ex.

It is pretty hard for a man to keep clean while carrying a kettle of pitch in each hand.—Ex.

Correspondence on the Religious Life

George A. Campbell

Do you think it is one's religious duty to feed or give to every beggar that comes to one's door? Our home is divided on the subject. I contend that it is, while my husband strongly takes the opposite view.

My head is with the husband; but my heart and practice are with the wife. Of course it is not one's religious duty to feed every tramp. Promiscuous giving encourages the shiftless paupers. It increases the tribe of Yegg. All bureaus of charity say it is a very bad custom. All this my head knows; but my feelings get the best of my judgment when I get face to face with one of the "down and out" brothers.

Yet I know it is bad theology to let the feelings run away from the reign of reason; but it is life. My most rational friends, the learned college professors, are swayed chiefly by sentiment. They are as much afraid of following their own reason as some of the rest of us are. On occasions they seem as cold as statues; but when you get to know them they are so humane that you feel as if a good cry would do them good. So as the wisest are impulsive and emotional I make no apology for my theology.

In this summer time it might be pardonable to answer the question further by some of my own experiences with the hobo fraternity.

A Late Caller.

We were all in bed, and we do not follow in our home the old adage, "Early to bed and early to rise," and all save myself were in the embrace of Morpheus. The door bell rang. The sound of the bell breaking in upon the stillness of the night is ever fascinating. It gives a weird feeling. It creates a sort of romantic wonderment. Someone is on your porch. Why comes he so late? Of what tragedy may he be a part? What sorrow fills his soul? What disturbing message to you will he bring? He embodies the night. It is darkness. It is mystery. Comes he to you as to any man or comes he to you as a heavenly mediator? Why of all men in a great city has he sought you out?

All these thoughts and a score of others rushed through my mind before I got to the opened window and called: "What is wanted, please?"

"My name is R— and I want very much to see you. It is something important."

Mrs. Campbell by this time was half awake and called out, "Perhaps it's a wedding."

I hurriedly dressed and was soon sitting with my midnight guest on the porch listening to what is usually called a "hard luck" story. He was from Minneapolis. He knew our good pastor there, knew him I suppose as he knew me. Was in town without work or money. I gave him a small amount. Then I said, "You are a drinking man," for I thought I detected liquor. "No," he replied, "I have not drank for two years; but I smoke cigarettes." I knew he was not telling the truth, but I treat-

ed him as though he were. A drunkard does not quit liquor and continue cigarettes. If he gives up the former he must give up the latter. I bade him good night and wished him well and he passed again into the night, into the darkness and into mystery.

As I came upstairs Mrs. Campbell listening at their head said: "The idea of calling us up this time of night. I thought it was going to be a wedding."

A wedding at midnight! Again the desire overruled the judgment—the desire for a fee.

Was his business important? He would not have disturbed a banker or a baker, a lawyer or a lumberman. The minister still stands in the popular mind as the friend of the lowly. It is well.

A Coat for a Nickle.

Another caller asked but for a nickle. He told me he wanted to go to Oak Park where he could make some money mowing lawns. His choice of place was unfortunate for I was just going to Oak Park myself. So I said: "Well, come along with me and I will pay your street car fare!" Without excusing himself for lying he took off his coat and holding it out said: "I will give you my coat for a nickle. I just must have it."

Old ragged coat! Poor human soul divested of all dignity and pride! Drink was the cause. That man has near relatives high up in the counsels of the Christian church. He might have been a moral leader of commanding influence. There are infinite gulfs of separation even now.

A Man and Wife.

It was a very cold night. The thermometer was away below zero. We were glad we had some coal in the house. We were just remarking how bad it must be for the real poor when a couple stood at our door, a man and a woman. They said they were from Kentucky. Had been burned out, lost everything; were on their way to join relatives in Milwaukee; had got this far when their money gave out; they were trying to solicit enough for the rest of the trip. They carried a letter from one of our prominent churches in Kentucky. It was badly written and had much bad spelling. I knew it was not genuine.

We gave them their supper. I did not think we would give them money. The forged church letter supported my reason. But the woman was so forlorn that I saw she had brought a tear or two to Mrs. Campbell's eyes, so that settled it; we gave them a little money and they went out into the night, into the chill and cold, into the darkness, and into mystery.

Later we learned they had been to many others with the same story, and probably collected many times more than enough to take them to Milwaukee.

An Overcoat Disappears.

We were holding a meeting. A brother

presented a letter from a church in Iowa. After the service he went home with me. He said he had just come to the city; and was without money. He wore no overcoat although it was zero weather. He said it was in his trunk which had not yet arrived. Although I knew it was not generally customary to put an overcoat in a trunk in the dead of winter, yet I did not question too closely; but loaned him one till his trunk should arrive, and gave him money enough to see him through the night and next day. I have never seen him since, nor the coat. I guess he is still a member with us.

"Why don't you discipline your members?" you ask. We can't catch them. They do not leave their addresses.

A Brother Scotchman.

"My name is MacDonald. I am from Toronto, where I lived three years, but my home was for all the rest of my life in Edinburg. I have a wife and two children at 419 S. Central avenue and we have had nothing to eat all day. What I want is work."

This was the self-introduction of one of my recent callers. I did not think he was a Scotchman, although I am not a safe judge of my parents' countrymen. So my curiosity got the better of my sympathy. I wanted to find out if he really were a Scotchman. We have an Edinburg man now in the church. So I arranged to meet him at his place in an hour; told him that we would get him work and see that his wife and babies did not suffer.

I phoned a brother living near the address he gave to go over and investigate and meet me at the Scotchman's home in an hour.

There was no such number. We never saw him any more. Certainly he was not a Scotchman. He must have been an—well, not a Scotchman.

This once I was canny.

An All Night Guest.

Getting home almost midnight I found him waiting me on the steps. I had met him once in a small town. He told me he had been dead since he saw me and had brought himself to life by prayer. Another argument I thought too prone that the dead are conscious. He said he was on his way to the West to kill his brother. I told him that that was not good work for him to do. "Oh," he says, "It is God who is doing it through me." I hoped that he would not receive any commission to begin any execution while under our roof.

I did not sleep much that night. He was a large man. The next night about 1 o'clock our telephone bell rang and I found that a hotel keeper had expelled him and that he was on his way to spend the remainder of the night with us. But our hospitality was exhausted, so I phoned the police that his presence would not be agreeable. They assured me that they would entertain him.

Misfortune had unbalanced his reason.

and religion was sorely distorted in his chaotic mind.

Preachers Easy Marks.

I might write of the boastful criminal, of an educated and praying man who is ahead a suit of clothes and of many others but space is more than gone.

My experience is that of the New York pastor who after a very interesting experiment came to the conclusion that the common beggar's word is no good. He gave one hundred beggar callers one dollar each, exacting a promise from each that he would return the dollar as soon as he could get it. To make it easy he gave each a stamped envelope addressed to himself and with the name of the sender on the corner. Only one out of the hundred returned the dollar and he came to the minister soon after to bor-

row two on the strength of being honest enough to have returned the one.

Then preachers are dupes. They are easy marks. They of all men can be most easily worked. Not so fast. No class of man knows human nature better than preachers. We are not deceived. The unworthy and outcasts we understand. But they are our brothers. We would get from them their tragedies. We believe that they are not hopeless. They are tremendously interesting. God is not done with them yet; nor can we afford to be. They have missed the road up. It is ours to help them find it. Fear of work and love of drink are their great enemies. They are partly responsible. I might have been one of them, if it were not for the accidents of birth and rearage. They had physical mothers, but

perhaps few of them ever had spiritual mothers. "Let others care for the worthy poor; it is mine to look after the unworthy," once remarked A. J. Gordon. Besotted humanity has more promise than pharasaical religiosity. Manhood at the lowest is God struggling for the highest.

Dear husband and wife, let me answer your question briefly: Love one another and love everybody, and do as you please about feeding anybody.

I commend this week "The Marks of a Man," by Robert E. Speer. Published by Jennings and Graham, Cincinnati.

Let our sentence be from Victor Hugo: "Success is a very questionable thing, and its resemblance with merit deceives men."

Austin Station, Chicago.

The Ascent of Mount Serbal

H. L. Willett

Readers of the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of Exodus learn that the Israelites came in the stages of their journey from the Wilderness of Sin and pitched in Rephidim, finding no water there. A miraculous supply was provided, and in the commission to smite the rock for this purpose Moses is assured that Jehovah will stand upon the rock in Horeb to make certain the result. This would imply that already Horeb had been reached at this time. It is this mountain which is mentioned in connection with the scene of the burning bush and the call of Moses (Ex. 3:1). Furthermore, we are told that at this same place in Rephidim, where the water had been provided and where Israel had gained its victory over Amalek, Moses was visited by his father-in-law, Jethro, the priest of Midian, who came bringing Moses' wife and two sons to him, "into the wilderness where he was encamped at the Mount of God" (18:5).

Now is this "Mount of God," which is apparently called Horeb, the same as Sinai, where the law was given? If so, and if the almost universal belief that the Wadi Firan is Rephidim is to be accepted, then Jebel Serbal, which rises over the oasis must be the Sinai-Horeb of the Exodus. By many, among whom may be named Lepsius, Bartlett, Ritter (with caution) and Petrie, this is accepted as the best identification of the place. Others, impressed by the traditions that gather about Jebel Musa accept that site as the true place of the legislation, and put Rephidim further along (e. g., in the upper portion of Wadi Sheikh), to agree with this hypothesis (Robinson, Wilson, Stanley).

In the opening of Exodus 18 the statement is made that the people left Rephidim and came into the Wilderness of Sinai. This is interpreted by the advocates of the Serbal view to mean that the camp was moved from the lower part of the oasis up to the Wadi Aleyat, a valley of considerable extent which lies along the base of Mt. Serbal and opens into Firan at its richest part, just where the hill with its ruins of the old monastery stands. The others believe that the journey from Rephidim to Sinai was one of considerable length.

Reflecting upon these questions which have divided biblical scholars for centuries, indeed since the days of Eusebius and Jerome, we started early on the morning of March 5th to climb Mt. Serbal anxious to secure all the data possible before attempting to reach a de-

cision. The morning was clear and beautiful, and one might have been happy to remain in camp and enjoy the air and scene. In fact the three ladies of the party wisely decided to adopt this plan, knowing that the ascent of the mountain would be anything but easy. It was fortunate they did so. A local guide was provided for us, as Joseph thought it best that he should remain with the camp, which was to enjoy a holiday for washing and repairs.

Our way led from the grove in which the camp was placed, up the Wadi Aleyat, by a stony path which took us past two Beduin villages and several huts and other indications of hermit life. The ascent of the valley was not difficult by daylight, though one had to beware of the stones which made walking tiresome. For three hours we followed the winding path, which led us a most uneven way, till at the very base of the tallest of the three central peaks we stopped by the side of a spring in the rocks, whose cool waters were a delight after the long walk up the stony valley. Several times in the course of the morning we saw inscriptions on the rocks, which seem to show that pilgrims have been accustomed to visit the mountain as a sacred place.

There are two routes to the top of the central peak. The longer and easier passes the southeastern flank of the mountain, and ascends from the south. This path was followed by Stanley, who says that his journey was "tiresome but not difficult." The other path leads directly up from the nearest approach from the Wadi Aleyat. Lepsius had avoided this way, observing that "it would have been far beyond our powers to clamber up the heights through the Rim ravine, which descends precipitously and in a direct line between the two eastern summits." Indeed he found even the descent through this cleft sufficiently difficult. Having delayed his return till a late hour in the afternoon, and fearing they might miss the way in the dark, he says, "We determined to leap down from block to block like chamois, and follow the precipitous rocky ravine which led almost in a straight line to our camp in Wadi Rim, and in two hours and a half, with trembling knees, we reached our tents by this impracticable path, the most difficult and the most fatiguing that I ever trod in the whole course of my life."

It would have been fortunate for us, perhaps, if we had noted this word of an earlier visitor to the place. But we took it for granted that the guide knew the best route and would so conduct us. At the spring we stopped and ate our lunch, in order that the camp-boy who had brought it might return. It was then ten o'clock, and the peak above us looked within easy reach. Indeed one of our number was eager to go on record that a half hour more would see us at the top. As soon as we had finished luncheon and rested in the cool shadow of the rock by the spring, we started on up the mountain.

There was no path at all. The only indications that others had passed that way were the small piles of stones on rocks here and there to show that among the few possibilities of the ravine this was not the worst. The guide took the journey with exasperating ease. He would step from rock to rock with long springing steps that soon took him far ahead, and then he would wait with the air of one really bored by the slow pace. Soon our party was strung out in a long line up and down the boulder-strewn cleft. The more vigorous climbers went on as they could. One of them even had the nerve to turn aside here and there to look for signs of ibex, hoping to get a shot at one with the pistol he carried. From time to time those of us who lagged behind would call to the vanguard to learn what the signs of promise were, but the responses were anything but inspiring.

With such pauses for rest as were absolutely necessary, it was two o'clock when we reached the head of the cleft between the two mountain masses up which we had been toiling, and came to a valley, or saddle, between the two peaks that climbed up to disheartening altitudes above us. Here we waited to rest and drink from the leather water-bottle carried by the guide. On either side rose the two highest peaks. Before us there ran a rather wide valley leading to the northern side of the ridge that looked out on the region we had been traversing during the past week. Of the panorama of mountain, desert and sea we could catch glimpses between the spurs that closed the end of the valley. Behind us lay a narrow but magnificent view of the Wadi from which we had ascended, and the mountains beyond.

It was a question at first in the minds of most of us whether we should attempt to go higher. One of our number, fore-

seeing that it would be late before we could reach camp, decided to go back, lest our friends left behind should be anxious. After a short rest we started on, one by one, climbing up by a way less rough but even more difficult, owing to its steepness and smoothness in places. Patches of snow and ice, melting in the heat of the sun, which we had found oppressive all the way, formed pools of delicious water in clefts of the rocks, so that it was a constant temptation to stop and rest and drink. Yet such drinking of ice water was unwise, and the only thing to do was to keep on at the task that seemed endless.

At last, cheered by the encouraging shouts of the pioneers of the party who had actually reached the summit, we made a final effort, and the last of us got to the very top of the highest peak a little after three. It was a rather forlorn group which first greeted the eye. Everybody was stretched out at full length, trying to get breath after the strain of the ascent. All except the guide. He sat contentedly wrapped in his cloak, indifferent alike to the fatigue of the way and the wonder of the scene. Apparently he would have been ready to go up another peak of equal height without inconvenience.

After a little rest, however, we all sat up and began to take notice. The view was enough to waken any slumbering sense of the sublime. It is not that Mt. Serbal is so lofty among the mountains of the earth. Its 6,750 feet would be dwarfed by many of the well-known mountains of our own land. It is not even the tallest peak in the peninsula, for Jebel Musa, Jebel Katherin and Umm Shomer are all loftier. But in solitary grandeur, command of the entire region and rocky wildness Serbal surpasses them all.

The first object to arrest attention was the sea, or that huge arm of it, the Gulf of Suez, which lay to the southwest, stretching for two hundred miles from the isthmus to the Red Sea. For this entire distance we had an unobstructed view of the coast. Between this coast and the mountain barrier of which Serbal was one rampart lay the Desert of Kaa, with only one or two small hills throughout its entire extent to diversify the flatness of the sandy waste. Beyond it on the coast was a spot of green which we knew to be Tor. Northwest the mountains came down to the sea at the spot where we had rounded the water-washed promontory at Ras Abu Zenimeh. Beyond this the valleys that make the long road to Suez faded in the hot haze.

Looking eastward, there in the distance were the mountains just beyond which lay the Bay of Akaba, whose low-lying waters were hidden by the mountain wall. At two or three points, however this mass of granite fell low enough to allow a glimpse of the sand plains along the sea, and but for the haze its waters could have been seen. Between us and those mountains, and covering the entire peninsula to the south and east, were the mountain masses which culminate in the three tall peaks of which mention was just made. It was easy to pick out Musa and Katherin, though they are close together. A little further to the right lay the great unexplored peak of Umm Shomer. Beyond this the ridges slope away to the extreme point of the peninsula, Ras Mo-

hammed, which looks out to the south upon the Red Sea.

Northward lay the great flat plateau of the Tih. This huge triangle of limestone pushes its way south from the Judean highlands to a point below the center of the peninsula; but from the place where we stood its blunt southern point and receding sides looked like a straight wall of white rock running east and west across the land. Most singular of all was the marvelous coloring of the mountains upon which we were looking. To their many hues I have alluded more than once. But the astonishing feature of the scene is striping of the bands of red porphyry that run with astonishing regularity from north to south across that mass of dark mountains. One might almost suppose some giant of the hills had finished the making of the landscape by drawing mighty lines of red up and down the country, as it lies spread out like an immense relief map at one's feet.

Winding in and out among these mountains were the wadis, whose sandy beds looked like light yellow bands twisting here and there through the reds and browns of the rock masses. Most prominent of these was the broad Wadi es-Sheik, curving like a scimitar almost from the foot of Serbal to the very boundaries of Jebel Musa. In comparison with the other valleys of the peninsula it might well receive its name of "Chief" from its size, as does Mt. Hermon, which the Arabs call Jebel-es-Sheik. But the Wadi takes its name from the tomb of Sheikh Saleh, where all the Beduin of the region gather for an annual sacrifice.

We could have staid on that mount of vision for many hours, and found every moment full of delight. But the sight of the white tents among the trees down in the Wadi Firan reminded us that we had some hours of hard work ahead of us before we could regain the camp. So at about four o'clock we began the descent. Just below the round rock which forms the very top of the mountain there is a cavern which tradition names the cave of Moses and Elijah. In this cavern, shallow and shelving, it is alleged that the lawgiver passed the forty days of his retirement, and the rugged prophet of Gilead heard the still small voice, which followed the earthquake, the wind and the fire. Indeed there are many caverns on the side and summit of the mountain which bear some legend in the local beliefs. There are also inscriptions of the sort already mentioned. Of these Burkhart says that he saw many. Stanley mentions but three. We who went the shorter but more difficult way, saw but one. We also were compelled to miss the ruins of the monastery which once stood in one of the saddles of the mountain. But the entire region of Serbal is sprinkled with the remains of cells and shrines which show the sanctity of the place in earlier years.

It was half-past four when we reached the top of the ravine from which our companion had gone back. We found a note from him saying that he had explored the canyon up to its opening at the front of the mountain, and had then returned and started down. We followed the same path by which we had come up, and after an hour of most toilsome descent, only a little less fatiguing than the climb, we reached the spring where we had lunched in the morning. Here we found the remnants of the food,

thoughtfully left for us by the camp-boy, and a note from our friend saying that he had gone on an hour earlier.

Our return to camp was the least important event of the day, but it seemed at the time the most difficult. Night fell soon after we left the spring, and the path, whose stony condition we had noted in the morning, appeared to be actually filled with sharp stones which made every step painful. Once the guide lighted a dry bush which lay beside the track, and held it aloft for a torch. But this soon burned out, and the darkness seemed thicker than before. Most of the shoes in the party had been torn to tatters in the hard work of the day, and one of our number had sprained his knee so that he walked with great pain. Several times we had to stop to allow him to rest. Once we saw a light ahead which we thought must be a lantern sent by Joseph, but it was only a light from the Beduin village we had passed in the morning. Finally we caught sight of a light that was unmistakably approaching, and soon three of our Arabs came running up with candle-lanterns and a pair of shoes which our friend had sent back, divining the condition our own would be in. We had hardly gotten started again, our disabled companion supported by another of the party, when Joseph himself met us with more of the camel-men, and we went on to the camp in much better spirits.

It seemed an interminable journey even then, but at last the lights and noise of the camp became clear, and soon after we were welcomed by the ladies and all the men of our little tent city, every one of whom seemed like an old friend as their faces appeared out of the darkness. It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached our tents, and decided that it had been the most eventful and rewarding, as well as difficult, day we had passed. One of our number remarked that if Moses climbed that mountain three times in one day, as one reading of the narrative seems to imply, he was more of a mountaineer than any of us. But I am not certain that our guide was aware that he had done more than to enjoy a pleasant walk among the rocks, with a lot of tenderfeet who did not know enough to stay at home.

SERMON SUBJECTS.

Jesse P. McKnight, Magnolia Avenue Church, Los Angeles, Cal.: "The Victory of Faith."

Joseph E. Serena, Central Church, Syracuse, N. Y.: "Religion and Hot Weather."

Harry G. Hill, Third Church, Indianapolis, Ind.: A series (attended by many from other denominations): (1) Paul and the Apostolic Church. (2) Constantine and the Church Controlled by the State. (3) Gregory and Hildebrand, the Church Controlling the State. (4) Luther and the Reformation. (5) Calvin and Wesley, Modern Missions and Evangelism. (6) Alexander Campbell and the Modern Church Aiming at Reunion.

During the war with Russia General Kuroki ordered that any man found drunk on duty would be shot. The Japanese know the value of temperance.

They need no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with pearls of love and thought.—The Persian Scriptures.

Systematic and Proportionate Giving

V. Proper Proportion to Devote to the Church

W. C. Bower

The grounds for Christian giving do not rest in any legal requirement, but in the absolute divine ownership of the redeemed life. The outstanding New Testament teaching is that the Christian is not his own, but that he has been bought with a price, and that not of corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ. He should, therefore, feel that he belongs soul and body to Christ. From the moment of his consecration he should look upon his person, his time, his money and his influence as responsibilities for which he must give the steward's account. The secret of the marvelous gift of the Macedonian churches, the generosity of which amazed the Apostle Paul, lay in this, that they had first given themselves. Both the spirit and the amount of the gift should arise from a spiritual condition. When this larger consecration of life has been made, it is an easy matter to make the smaller gift out of one's means. This should determine what proportion should be devoted to the church.

I am a hearty believer in the tithe. Giving should by all means be systematic and proportionate. And from every consideration, the tithe appears to me to be the scriptural and wise proportion. The tithe is binding upon Christians, not as a legal enactment of the Mosaic dispensation, but on the ground that God could not well be pleased with a less standard on the part of Christians, who enjoy infinitely greater blessings in Christ, than that which He set for the Jews. If the tithe was the divine standard in the Old Testament for those who were servants under Moses, surely it cannot be less in the New Testament for those who are sons in Christ. In the absence of legislation in the New Testament for those on the subject of the tithe, the silence is no less suggestive. This argument would rather tend to establish the position that the tithe was the under limit for Christian giving. If we accept our unlimited position as sons

in Christ, we should feel free to accept no standard of giving, or other participation in religious work, less than that accepted by the servants under Moses.

Aside from scriptural ground, the tithe commends itself to our best judgment. It is the dignified basis upon which to finance the work of the kingdom. The Lord is not poor that He should stand before the world as a mendicant. It is altogether wrong that He should ever be placed in this attitude by His people. He is a king, with sovereign rights and authority over the lives and possessions of His people. The church has been in rags before the world long enough. When she comes to her own, she is no beggar, asking for the alms of men. The work of the church should be financed upon a basis that would be worthy of its position in the world as a divine institution. If the membership would bring their tithes into the treasury, there would be no need of humiliating deficits, nor of the questionable and unbusiness-like methods so frequently employed by churches—methods which no sound business institution would consider worthy for a moment. The dignity of the church demands that its work be financed upon a basis as dignified as that of any secular institution.

With nothing less than the tithe can the church worthily carry on its missionary program. Upon the church has been laid the commission of evangelizing the whole world. The missionary enterprise is halting before the countless open doors in foreign lands because there are not enough means with which to enter. Mr. W. J. Dawson has rightly pointed out that the real problem of modern missions is not, as formerly, in the closed doors on the heathen fields, but in the releasing of the means now in the possession of Christians. If the constantly increasing wealth of the Christian world could be released, what a mighty force would be put in motion for the evangelization of the world! We shall say nothing

as yet about the gifts that exceed the tithe! Christendom needs as yet to be committed to some definite standard of systematic and proportionate giving. It would be a glorious thing if the church could advance as far beyond the Jewish standard of giving as the grace of God in Christ has advanced beyond the law of Moses! There are visions of world-conquest in that! But what the church most needs at this time is to move up even to the tithe. If the tithe of Christendom could be released, the problem of the evangelization of the world would be practically solved. Such a consecration of means would be speedily met with a like response in the consecration of men. We cannot get beyond the fact that the missionary problem is largely a problem of money.

Giving is both a grace and a means of grace. If on the one hand, it is one of the most effectual means of Christian service, within the reach of all, it is, on the other hand, a most fruitful means of spiritual growth. Paul brings this phase of the matter prominently before the Philippian church. The gift from them was refreshing and grateful; but this he forgets in the contemplation of what it will do for the givers. Experience and observation bear out the statement that the tithers in any church are the happiest and most spiritual members. There is no joy in giving until it becomes worthy. But when it becomes worthy and a vital thing in the Christian's life, it becomes a source of great joy and blessing. As long as giving remains an indifferent thing, the Christian neither respects his gift or the object for which it is given, nor does he find blessing in it. In sacrificial giving alone does the disciple approach the spirit of our Lord, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich, and who by His life and precept, established the fundamental Christian principle that greater blessing comes from giving than from receiving.

North Tonawanda, N. Y.

The Seattle Christian Endeavor Convention

Seattle, Thursday, July 11, 1907.

The International Convention of Christian Endeavor is in session. A huge tent named after the birth-place of the movement, "Tent Williston," is pitched at Lincoln Park, just behind the First Christian Church, and near it is another large tent in which the supplies, registration booths, information office and other adjuncts of a great convention are to be found.

The first session was held last night, although only a small percentage of the delegates had arrived. The trains from the east were from two to twelve hours late. But the delays were apparently used to promote Christian Endeavor and the other forces of the Kingdom in the places along the way. In many cases the journey across the continent was a series of public meetings.

The delegates are being registered at

Special Correspondence of the Christian Century.

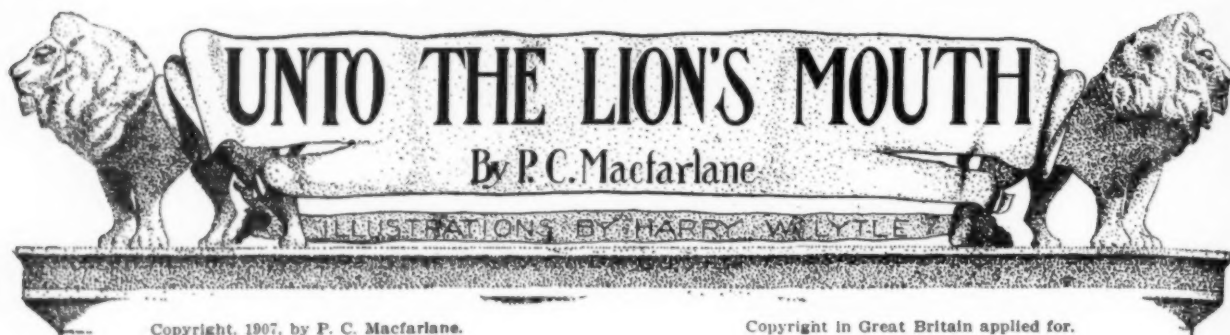
State headquarters in some twenty different churches. The homes and hotels of Seattle are doing their best to care for those who come. Eleven Sunrise prayer meetings were held this morning in the different churches. Six "Schools of Methods" were held from 8:30-9:30. The evening sessions are held in two places, the tent and the First Presbyterian Church.

The annual meeting of the Trustees was held yesterday afternoon. The officers were re-elected including Dr. F. E. Clark, president; Wm. Shaw, secretary; Amos R. Wells, editorial secretary; N. U. Lathrop, treasurer, and George B. Graff, publication manager. The Disciples have on the board of Trustees, J. H. Garrison, Charles B. New-

nan, A. B. Philpott, F. D. Powers, J. Z. Tyler, and H. L. Willett. The last named was re-elected yesterday for a period of four years. In addition Claude E. Hill of Alabama and A. W. Kokendoffer of Missouri are members of the board in virtue of their offices as presidents of their respective state societies. Among the many Disciples attending the convention are the three last named, and in addition B. B. Tyler, O. W. Stewart, O. L. Smith, W. A. Moore, C. D. Hall, and others.

The Disciples of Seattle have done their part well in assisting to prepare for the convention. A. L. Chapman, B. H. Hengenfelder, T. J. Shuey and A. C. Vail, the pastors, are active in co-operation and the churches are being used for State headquarters, Sunrise prayer meetings and other purposes.

(Continued on page 682).



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CHAPTER XII. IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

At nine in the morning of the day succeeding the events last narrated, Hellé announced to Helena the coming of her cousin Antipas from Rome.

"Oh Hellé," said Helena impatiently, "of all times there never was a time when he was so unwelcome. For many years he has presumed on his relationship to bore me with his perfumed presence. My mother's heart is sore, and mine is sore. Tell him the time is inauspicious."

"So have I, but he will not be denied."

"Then, will I see him—no, tell him I am not myself; tell him I am the daughter of Fu—no, how foolish that would be. None know; it is our secret yet. Tell him to wait."

While Helena prepared herself to meet him, we will have a look at her caller. We are first struck with the fact that he is an old man. A closer view shows that he is not exactly old, but well into middle age, turned forty at least, and with stamps of dissipation upon his face that make him look older. His figure is squat. His face is far from handsome, and yet not unattractive. His eyes are bright and his cheeks ruddy, but his nose is beak-like and he is thin lipped, with a cruel twist at the corner of the mouth. The sort of a face to make love to a queen or betray his own mother, one thinks. His fingers are jeweled, his hair perfumed, his dress gaudy and all about him bespeaks the Roman dandy of his period.

Presently Helena entered greeting him rather coolly.

"What, cousin, no kiss?" said Antipas in affected surprise.

"What impertinence is this?" responded Helena. "Your presumption, I perceive, is not decreased through a journey to Rome. I had hoped it might be."

"The sting of your tongue is increased by a journey to Philadelphia I perceive that right well," responded Antipas, with a touch of anger.

"Why do you come here?" said Helena, looking at him coldly.

"Because I love you."

"Are you never going to stop loving me? Have I ever encouraged you to love me? Have I not told you I never would love you? Have I not refused to speak of it, to admit its possibility? Yet have I been patient with you. Laughed at your silliness, tolerated your presence, endured your stale wit, all, all, thinking that some day some shreds of understanding would creep between the widening rifts in your hair and bring you to see your folly and leave off your torture of me. Still you come. Now, Antipas, cousin Antipas, let us part as friends, but let us part forever. I shall not long be here, and where I shall be you will not be welcome."

As Helena spoke, Antipas, coloring to the roots of his hair, arose. His eyes were blazing with anger.

"Aha!" he shouted. "Aha!" You turn me from the door, but I know the reason why. You love another, a pauper, a whelp of the street, a Christian, a weak namby-pamby Christian orator. One who talks large, whose voice is like the roar of a lion; but who will cower and cringe at a blow. The roar of a lion and the manners of a lamb your Christian orator has! He is your lover, is it not so?"

Helena stood silent a moment, dumb with amazement that the story of her attachment for Euthumos, which had not yet been avowed to that young man himself except by that wireless telegraph which love invents and uses so surely, had got abroad. She shrunk from it with all the maidenly modesty of her nature. Antipas had bribed the story from somebody's lips, and now in the height of cruelty was stabbing her with it.

"Is it not so?" he reiterated, gloating over her suffering. "Do you not love the Ephesian with the roar of the Nubian lion and the manners of a month-old lamb?"

"I do not love the brayings of my cousin Antipas of Rome; that is certain," said Helena. "Will you go now? Your presence is painful to me."

His face grew livid. "It is true," he cried, "it is true. I have seen it in your eye. Let me tell you one thing before I go. I heard your fond sweet love story, all dripping with honey and soft with the breath of morning flowers, and I straightway paddled up to Adramyttium to have a look at this lover of yours. I saw him; I informed against him as a Christian. He is in chains en route to Ephesus. It will be a sweet day when I shall stand before Fundanus, pro-consul, and delate him for a Christian. Then, if your weakling turn not traitor to his base gods, the fiery fagots or the hungry lions shall claim him, and Antipas, poor, poor Antipas, may he not claim the pleasure of solacing your widowed love with the wealth of his own?"

He reached out and laid his hand upon her wrist. She felt his hot breath on her cheek, and saw the glitter of passion and murder in his eye. All in a moment she realized what a demon Antipas really was. Coming home from Rome in her absence, spying round according to the trick of his base nature, he had in some way learned of her attachment for Euthumos, had maliciously followed him and contrived to have him thrown into jail as a Christian knowing that death would be the penalty; and he was so low and coarse and brutal as to fancy that with his rival disposed of he could hope to win the love of the maiden whose true lover she knew he had murdered. It revealed a depth of bestiality so low and a lack of finer instincts so complete that she shrank from him with horrible loathing. In the few minutes her tiresome cousin had descended to a being of utter repulsiveness. He caught the shudder that passed over her frame and read in her horror-stricken eyes the utter doom of all his hopes. Releasing his hold he spoke.

"You, too, are a Christian. Promise me that you will marry me, or I will denounce you as a Christian, and you shall die with him."

"Marry you I never will! To die with him for the faith of Jesus Christ is a bliss so sweet that I cannot hope it by your conniving. Now, will you go?" She was pointing to the door.

"Cousin Helena," he said, seeking to soothe her, and as if repenting of the extreme to which he had carried things. "Cousin Helena!"

"Silence," commanded Helena, with flashing eyes.

"Helena," he pleaded again.

Helena had drawn herself up to her full height. Her cheeks were flushed, her bosom heaved, her eyes were emitting fire. Still pointing to the door she said with low tense tones:

"Will you go, or shall I call a slave and have him throw you into the street."

Grinding his teeth in rage, Antipas slowly conveyed himself out of the room. The time with him for words had passed and he realized it. Helena did not take her eyes from him till he had disappeared in the corridor and then she listened till his last faintest foot-fall had died away, and when that was done, fell fainting to the floor.

After her fainting spell Helena revived herself, and saying nothing to any one of her experience, partook of a cordial and sought the seclusion of her own room, where some hours later the Lady Leda came to talk with her.

"Child," she said, "the burdens of life grow heavy upon you (not knowing one half how heavy they were). Are you able to bear them?"

"Yes, mother, I am strong for all things in him who strengtheneth me."

"Ah, what a tower of strength is Christ. How near at hand. We beckon and he is there already. We lift up our voices to pray, and behold the answer is in our hearts. I have heard how Christ for the joy that was set before him endured the cross. For the joy that is set before us, can we not endure our small burdens?"

"Yes, mother, and somewhere that same Apostle Paul has declared his reckoning that our light affliction which is but for a moment will work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"And are you, brave enough to face the afflictions?" asked Leda.

"I think so," responded Helena.

"Then this afternoon shall we not go together to the Lady Lucretia, your mother, in His strength," asked Leda bravely.

"It is our first duty," declared Helena.

Together at the hour of four, accompanied by Constantia, they entered the house of Fundanus.

Lucretia was expecting them. She and Constantia had come to be good friends. Constantia presented first the Lady Leda, whom Lucretia received with a hasty embrace, kissing her and crying a little as she tried to thank her for being a mother to the child whom her heartlessness had cast out. Then she turned, as Leda taking Helena by the hand, said:

"Helena, whom I have cared for as my daughter, loved as my own life, I present you to your mother."

Helena met her mother graciously but not effusively, bowing to receive the kiss of Lucretia upon her cheek, and standing quite still while Lucretia, taking both her hands in her own, stood surveying the young woman from head to foot. As they stood thus, they made a beautiful picture, and no one marking the rounded form of youth and the less pleasing contour of age, could doubt but that they were mother and daughter.

"You are beautiful," said Lucretia, when she had done her inspection.

"You are kind," said Helena, who had been intently studying her real mother's features. "In time I shall learn to love you."

"Learn to love me," declared Lucretia with warmth, pressing Helena to her bosom; "Oh had your head wanted a mother's bosom as long as my bosom has ached for the pressure of a daughter's head, you would learn very quickly."

"Indeed, I shall learn quickly, I am sure," declared Helena. "And how wonderful are the ways of God that I am preserved and brought to you at last, and more wonderful still that we all are brought to Christ."

"Amen," said Constantia.

Very solemnly the four turned and by Lucretia's direction walked into a portico overlooking a garden where fountains were playing, and fell into a conversation.

For Helena there remained yet one more experience from which she shrank. That was a meeting with her father, Fundanus. What a mingling of emotions stirred in her breast at the thought. Fundanus, her father, who had coldly ordered her exposed as an infant in Rome. Fundanus, her father, stern and cold pro-consul of Asia, whose rugged devotion to duty made malefactors tremble, and who might therefore deal heavily with her foster mother, the Lady Leda. But most of all she trembled at the thought that this Fundanus, her Father, was to sit in stern judgment on her lover Euthumos, who was to be accused before him as a Christian by her cousin Antipas. From what she knew of her father by reputation she was sure that he would not permit sentimental reasons to sway him one iota in his discharge of duty as he conceived it. Thinking of all these things, with no particular sentiments of affection for the father she had never seen, and with doubts as to his for her she waited the meeting.

Fundanus received the girl kindly. He was a man to appreciate beauty and the value of it, and his eyes danced as he beheld her for the first time. A keen judge, too, of human nature, he saw in her the proud spirit of his family and realized that she was not a woman to be ordered about. He learned that she considered herself complete mistress of her destinies, and recognized no more than a distant filial obligation.

"You will find it pleasant to be the daughter of Fundanus," he said, by way of entering into conversation.

"I have found one of mingled pleasures and sorrows," she answered. "Of late my greatest pleasures have been my sorrows."

"Sorrows, child?" he said reprovingly, "what can you know of sorrows?"

"Sorrow," she said, looking at him. "Is it not sorrow to find that she whom you loved as your mother is not your mother? Is it not sorrow to find that your real father and mother abandoned you in infancy? Is it not sorrow to know that your father is an idolatrous Roman governor who condemns to death poor Christians who worship the true God?"

The eyes of Fundanus grew big with wonder, and finally traces of a smile appeared about the corners of his mouth.

"You sympathize with the Christians?" he asked by way of drawing her out.

"I am a Christian," she said quietly.

"Your mother a Christian! You a Christian! Tell me, shall I presently turn Christian also?" he asked, amazed.

"I would God thou might."

"Well, child, I will not, and see that you nor your mother do not carry this stubborn nonsense too far. The foolish Christians are everywhere spoken against. Their foolish obstinacy makes them enemies of Rome. Only this morning I received a list of Christian names certified against, prisoners from Adramyttium. Within a fortnight or so I must go on the judgment seat and hear their causes. If the charge be proved or admitted, and they recant not and prove it by sacrificing to the gods, death shall be their portion."

So cold and precise and fearful were his words that they struck terror to her heart. As those firm lips closed tightly over the white teeth she seemed to see how stern, how inexorable was Roman law.

"Father!" she cried in tones of terror. "Would you condemn to death one that was near and dear to me, if a Christian?"

"Child, since I entered the service of Rome I have known but one master, that master my duty; I have obeyed but one law, that the law of my emperor; and on the seat of judgment I would obey that mandate though it struck the dagger to the heart of the dearest in the world to me. Therefore, I say, to you child, have done with this dangerous superstition. You know not, I know not to what it may lead. The religion of Jesus is a pernicious thing. It must be extirpated. It is a foolish weakness that we do not crush it out. And when ever it comes to stand in judgment before me, look to see me pronounce against it."

"Then you will pronounce against the man I love," she said.

"What! you love a Christian?" he asked.

"I do."

"His name."

"Euthumos."

"Euthumos—if I mistake not that name is on the list of prisoners certified to me by the Centurion Sergius. The scroll is here. Let me read." Quickly his eye ran over the list. "There," he said, "is that your lover?"

The eyes of Helena fell upon the beloved name in a list of others. She caught the paper and kissed it passionately.

"Ah, there, there," he said. "Perhaps he will recant. Anyway you shall not marry him. The daughter of Fundanus marry a poor

Christian orator! No; you shalt marry not less than the first in Rome, an emperor's son perhaps."

Dashing the tears from her eyes, Helena stood before her father like a queen, her eyes flashing. "The daughter of Fundanus will marry whom she will; not whom you will. You did confess a moment ago your allegiance unto Caesar. I confess here and now, my allegiance unto Jesus Christ, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Him will I obey, and him alone."

Fundanus looked at her amazed. "The same obstinate spirit. I have seen it again and again," he said as though to himself. "The look upon her face is the look I have seen a hundred, a thousand times as Christians go to martyrdom. Oh, Christ, who art thou, and whence art thou and what art thou, that thou dost everywhere set men and women free from the fear of death?"

So saying, he turned and went out seeking the apartments of his wife, saying to her when he found her, "Your ravishing daughter is a Christian fanatic. Beware that she does not bring you more sorrow than joy." Then, his mind busy with many thoughts, he went back to his official duties.

As for Helena, she elected to return to the home that had been hers so long, promising to see her mother often; and Lucretia in the new spirit of Christ that had come to her, making all things joy, made no effort to restrain her but with a kiss of love dismissed Helena to her foster mother, Leda.

A week had passed, the last train of Christian prisoners from the north was in. There were a hundred or more of them awaiting trial. Their confinement was not rigorous, since they were allowed the privilege of being ministered to by their friends. One evening as the sun was setting, Euthumos sat in a coveted spot where the rays of light streamed in through a narrow slit in the wall into the jail, half above and half below ground, in which he was confined. The medication of Demas had cured his fever. Fresh garments and the opportunity to bathe frequently had restored him to the semblance of his former self, and except for a slight paleness, the Euthumos who sat meditating by the narrow window of his dungeon was the counterpart of the Euthumos who went away a few weeks before.

The complete story of Helena was known to him now, including the flight to Philadelphia and her return. He knew that the day for the trial of himself and other Christians was set; he knew the stern rigor of Fundanus who obeyed the emperor's injunction not to search out Christians, but to deal with them justly when accused before him. To deal with them justly meant to punish by death all who confessed the Name. This meant that ere many days he would obtain the crown of martyrdom. His enthusiasm was unabated. He exhorted his brethren and his fellow prisoners to stand firm. He sought to convert his jailers to Christianity. He turned often to the epistle of Paul to Timothy and read the stout words: "For I am already being offered; and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous, shall give to me at that day; and not to me only, but also to all them that have loved his appearing." "God knows it has been a short course which I now finish; but I have kept the faith," Euthumos would say proudly; "and I have loved his appearing. Like my father, I have longed for it, and preached for it and prayed for it. And now he does not come to me, but instead I go to him. And yet, after all, it is true he has come to me. He comes to me so often. He came to me when I spoke with Beryllus in the cave. He came to me on the way as I lay in fever in the roadway between Smyrna and Ephesus. Oh he comes, he comes to me continually. And I have brought him to others." He thought of Beryllus; he thought of Marcus, now long dead; and of Helena, and the love light he had seen in her eyes. His heart leaped and sank again. She loved him he was sure; he loved her with all his heart and he was presently to die without so much as an avowal of his love to her. As he pondered this he absently turned upon his finger the ring which Marcus had given him, till the jeweled setting caught the last ray of the setting sun and flashed it back. At the same time an idea flashed into his mind. Marcus had said, "If ever you are in danger of Rome and can show this ring to Sergius, centurion of the tenth, it will secure for you whatever privilege it would for me." Why not try it? By a strange coincidence, Sergius of the Tenth was the centurion who had brought him to Ephesus and still remained in charge of them. How if, when Sergius came to change the watch, and make his final tour of inspection for the night, he should approach him with a request? Already he heard the marching of the relief watch, and the gruff voice of Sergius as he gave an order or acknowledged a salutation. Entering the prison chamber, Sergius strode quickly its length and back, his sharp eyes penetrating everywhere.

Euthumos beckoned him. His charming personality had made him friends among his keepers as everywhere and Sergius bent an ear to listen.

"I would have private speech with you," he said. Sergius remembered the gold pieces on the march from Smyrna. There might be more. He passed on quickly and at the door, pointing to Euthumos, said to a guard:

"Loose him and bring him to me."

Euthumos was presently alone with the centurion in a sort of ward-room.

"Your message," said Sergius quickly.

"The ring," said Euthumos, holding it up to view, "was given me by a dear friend who bade me, if ever in danger of Rome, to show it to Sergius of the Tenth and it would secure for me whatever it would for him."

Sergius started slightly as he was the ring, held it up to the light and examined the setting very closely.

"Who gave it to you?" he asked abruptly.

"Marcus, a soldier."

"Did he tell you aught of it?"

"Not a word."

"The faithful man," responded Sergius. "I owe my life to him. What do you wish?"

"To go free from these walls and unspied upon for a night and a day."

"It is a heavy thing you ask."

"I would not ask a light thing upon the ring of Marcus."

"My life is forfeit if you do not return."

"Did you not say you owed your life to Marcus? If you owe it, then would you not pay it if need be to serve his cause which is mine?"

"Right Christian. But what pledge that you will return?"

"The honor of a Christian."

"You shall go. Are you prepared to go forth at once?"

"I am."

"Swear to me."

Euthumos raised his hand. "I swear," he said.

"By the honor of a Christian," said Sergius.

"By the honor of a Christian," repeated Euthumos.

Something attracted Sergius' attention to the upraised hand. He started as he looked, caught the hand, looked closer, drew back and rubbed his eyes in confusion.

"What it is?" said Euthumos.

"For a moment," said Sergius, "I could have sworn I saw in your palm a blood red cross."

"Strange," said Euthumos. "When my father died a Christian martyr, a score of years ago, he drew me to him, and with his own blood, in my palm he drew a crimson cross."

While thus speaking, the centurion led him quietly down a corridor, past cordons of guards and out into the street.

"Remember, Christian, your oath."

"Remember, centurion, my oath," responded Euthumos, and quickly disappeared in the shades of night.

An hour later Helena was summoned by the Lady Leda. "A stranger would speak to you in the name of Christ," she said.

"A stranger?" she asked querulously. "At this hour? In the name of Christ? Perhaps it is some news from Euthumos. What like is he?"

"Tall, pale, very handsome, with a voice as musical as a mountain brook," said Leda.

"Why you are describing Euthumos himself," she said. "Euthumos! Euthumos!" she repeated growing deadly pale. "How I have longed for this hour, and now how I shrink from it? Euthumos! O, it cannot be he. It is his angel! Pale, did you say?"

"No, angel, he," said Leda, laughing; "but your flesh and blood Christian orator, who, I take it, has to-night forgot all else but that he is a lover."

"Come with me," said Helena, impulsively holding out her hand.

"Not now," said Leda smiling. "Go to him; I will come presently."

Helena turned weakly, walked in the direction of the reception room, and presently stood blushing in the presence of Euthumos, whose own pale cheeks flushed, blood red as he looked upon the fair young woman before him.

"Sister," he said at length. "Have you no chiding word for such a call at such an hour?"

"None, brother," she said, looking at him from beneath her long lashes. "Be seated," she added, motioning him toward a chair, while she sank down upon another.

"I may not sit," he said, "until first I have spoken. I am walking in the valley of the shadow of death. I have stolen out from the valley for a few hours to tell you something. Something that would seem of small consequence, and words hardly worth the speaking for one whose hold upon life does not extend beyond a fortnight; yet, for the manliness of my soul, I would claim the privilege of avowing them to you. May I speak on?"

Under the music of his voice Helena felt every nerve of her body throbbing. She longed to close her eyes and dream of paradise; yet her eyes would not close; they were riveted on the eager face before her.

"You may speak," she said.

"Can you imagine things?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, smiling.

Her sunny smile encouraged him.

"Well then, can you imagine a man with a single aim in life from early childhood—that aim to preach Christ to a dying world. Can you imagine such a child growing up, with every study, every

thought of his mind and every emotion of his heart working to the same great end? With love for all men, and the close ties of affection for his mother, the only one left to him of his immediate family in the world? Can you imagine such an one coming into the sphere of his usefulness, intent only upon serving Christ, with so little thought of self that the possibility of love and marriage never once entered his mind? Can you imagine then the coming suddenly into his life of a beautiful, womanly presence whom he loves with a love as pure as the azure blue of the skies, but as warm as the sun at noon-day? Can you imagine that love growing, growing; that lovely presence becoming more and more to him until she fills his whole life? And yet, while he loves, his goal of service for Christ remains unchanged; and loving with all his heart, he yet moves straight on toward the great work to which his whole being is committed? Can you imagine that? Can you imagine that such a one might pray the Father that that love might be brought so close to the line of his Christian duty that both might blend together, and the service of Christ and the consummation of love be wrought into the consistent fabric of his consecrated life? And can you imagine, that prayer being unanswered, how such a one would move straight on along the path of duty into the valley of the shadow of death and to the funeral pyre of martyrdom to the completion of a sanctified life, leaving behind a shattered and broken love, and looking for consolation to the reunion of all loving hearts in a land beyond that is fairer than day where they neither marry nor are given in marriage? Can you imagine that I say? Then I am that one. I love you, with all my heart, and yet the path of duty to my Christ leads another way, and thither I go, pausing only to avow my love for you. You may or may not accept it. At least, you may care to treasure in memory's perfumed volume the knowledge that one who loved you with an honest, earnest love, surrendered it only for the sake of Jesus Christ? Can you appreciate that which I am saying?"

"I can, most noble brother. And may I ask a question of you?"

"You may—a thousand," declared Euthumos fervently.

"Can you imagine a woman who has lived fancy free until her eyes fall upon a Christian orator whose pure heart and loveliest eyes kindled her soul with a deep an abiding affection that, ever growing, has become her whole self? Yet whose love, for Jesus Christ, going on apace, has so far kept stride with her affections, that she for his sake would be widowed, looking to the general resurrection at the last day for the consummation of a union of hearts so pure and true that heaven itself should smile upon it? Can you imagine that?"

"It seems a bliss beyond belief."

"It is true. My heart throbs with yours. My love rivals yours. Though you stand in the valley of the shadow of death, I accept your avowal, I pledge my love in return, and bid you be true to Christ and duty. Witness in the hour of fiery trial your love for Him, as even now, I witness my love for thee."

She extended her arms. Euthumos took her outstretched hands, drew her to him gently, folded her to his breast and planted a kiss of purest love upon her ruby lips. For an instant two hearts beat as one. Then holding her right hand in his and lifting his left to heaven he said: "I acknowledge thee to God. Henceforth we are one forever."

"In the name of Christ," said Helena.

"In the name of Christ," answered Euthumos.

"In the name of Christ," said the Lady Leda entering.

And the lovers even forgot to blush, and came forward to meet her quite naturally.

An hour later Euthumos was in his mother's home, with Beryllus and Demas beside him, planning many things. At his feet sat his mother, holding his hand, looking now and then hungrily into his face, and counting the very pulse throbs until the time when he should be taken from her forever.

The next day Euthumos spent far more time at the house of the Lady Leda than at his own home, and the Lady Lucretia, sworn to secrecy lest the centurion who had granted Euthumos freedom be involved in difficulties, visited at the home of the Lady Leda and saw the young Christian orator from whose lips she had learned the story of Jesus. In parting she said:

"Every effort will be made to save you; but I can promise nothing. Therefore, God grant that you may stand firm; and if the trial come, may gain the crown of martyrdom."

"I thank you," said Euthumos.

"God strengthen you, Christ receive you," said Helena, her lip trembling.

One hour after sundown a guard entered the prison house and chained a man to an unoccupied stanchion. The man who Euthumos. He had kept his oath.

(To be continued next week.)

THE SEATTLE CONVENTION.

(Continued from page 679).

Vice-President Fairbanks has arrived and will speak tomorrow evening on "Our Nation." Handels Oratoria "The Messiah" will be given by a great chorus on Saturday evening. The pulpits of the city will be occupied by visiting ministers on Sunday.

Kansas City, St. Paul and Atlantic City are eager contestants for the next

convention. In 1910 the convention will be held in Agra, India, the famous city of the Taj Mahal.

Further report as to members, program and other items will be made next week.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." It may be shown simply enough, without spinning the theory of the moral government of this universe very fine,

that a habit of mind becomes an attitude of life," says a wise writer, "and that by his ideals a man makes the circumstances over which he thinks he has no control." What a man is in his heart he sooner or later becomes to all his world, and the wish of the spirit changes the form of the life. We laugh at ideals as dreams, or sigh over them as impossible, yet they are magnetic, and slowly, with many turnings and swaysings it may be, the outer life veers toward them.

Reveries of a Preacher II.

It is exceptionally fortunate for a preacher to have in his congregation a man of experience and wisdom in whom he has confidence. A preacher will be saved many mistakes and will be guided into the right channels by keeping in close touch with such a life. We have a man of this sort in this church and I find him invaluable to me in many ways. I stepped into his office the other day to find him not very busy. Looking up from his law books, he said, "Well, parson, I am glad to see you. Do you know, I have been thinking to-day about what makes men leaders in the ministry, and I have concluded it is because they stay in one church until they make that church great, and that church makes them great." He cited to me Z. T. Sweeney and Columbus, Ind.; F. D. Power and Washington, D. C., and said, "And that is what I want you to do for this church and for yourself." I appreciated the confidence, and am looking forward to the carrying out of this idea in my own experience. Not that I am thinking of becoming a great preacher, for my talent and training are too ordinary; but with God's help and in his strength to make mighty His cause in this community. Of course this puts me

among those who stand for long pastorates. It looks to me as though our people, as well as others, are reaching out to the long pastorate. The Methodists have put up the bars and are allowing some of their preachers to tarry long seasons. A German family moved into our community direct from the Fatherland. The mother is a religious woman, and in conversation about her home church, I inquired as to how they liked their pastor. She said they hardly knew yet, as he had only been there five years. In her mind his pastorate had just begun. The former pastor had been there more than fifty years. Do you wonder that the community mourned his death?

A preacher's life ought to preach as loudly as his words. The old expression, "Do as I tell you and not as I do," comes far from satisfying this generation. Our daily lives and works are the things that are taking us into the hearts of our people and are making us powers for God in the community. The words of Emerson tell many of us why our work is limited. "What you are roars so loudly in my ears that I cannot hear what you say you are." We are not only preachers of righteousness, but we are witnesses of God. We should long

for the comment I heard made on one of my elders, "I believe in that man, for I can see Jesus Christ in his face."

Too many of us have our eyes and hearts set on becoming the pastors of the large churches. Would it not be more after Christ's own idea for us to make weak churches large and powerful in our communities? In fact, brethren, we need to get much of the ego out, and more of the Christ in, for as someone has said, "When self is on the throne, Christ is on the cross, but when Christ is on the throne of your life, self is on the cross." Yes, we need more men for the ministry; a thousand of them quick, but let them be men of visions. Visions, not of their own glory and power, but visions of God, using them to make Him powerful throughout the earth. God-kissed men who bear "the marks of the Lord Jesus" in their lives. Yes, "a band of men whose hearts God has touched," like the prophets of old. Such men will live and labor to make the church great, and powerful, and in so doing, will make for themselves worthy places in the hearts and estimations of God's people, and above all, with God himself." "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Jonas.

Union Evangelism

W. L. Hayden

Since the great revivallism under the earnest labors of Moody and Sankey, the trend of evangelistic activity has been strongly in the direction of union effort of all denominations for bringing men to Christ. Denominational differences are laid aside in order to combine the whole religious power and influence to accomplish a grand work for Christ in a particular community. This is a practical concession that sect-differences are a hindrance in the evangelization of the world. Thus the main contention of the Disciples has received unmistakable acknowledgment, and they should make the most of it in furtherance of the cause of Christian union. Some have hesitated to join heartily in such union services lest they seem to endorse unscriptural methods and to be prevented from preaching "a full gospel."

An experience and a careful study of this matter running through thirty years has convinced me that there is no real ground for such hesitation on the part of any man who rightly comprehends our position and is filled with the spirit of Christ in such service.

We have nothing to lay aside as a hindrance to the largest work for the conversion of souls. We have only to insist that the gospel message shall be proclaimed as we find it in the holy Scriptures and that no methods shall be employed that are subversive of apostolic teaching and practice. This will not be denied us when there is a sincere desire for joint effort in saving men.

Fairness demands the admission recently made by one of our excellent evangelists that "every theme on which our evangelists preach can be preached in union meetings with the exception of baptism." And baptism is not an exception if our evangelists are wise enough to confine their preaching on that theme to what the apostles preached. This is shown by the general approval of C. R.

Scoville's presentation of that theme in his leading such union meetings. No apostle ever said a word about denominational names, creeds, forms of baptism nor "inveighed" against infant baptism. Why should our evangelists depart from the precedent of apostolic silence on themes not known to Scripture? Of course, such a departure will destroy a union meeting and violate our own principle that requires us to keep silent where the Scriptures are silent. Cut the taproot of all these errors with the skillful use of the sword of the spirit and they will gradually wither and die.

The apostles preached "a full gospel" and convicted their hearers thereby before they said anything about baptism. Baptism is not included in the meaning of the term gospel, nor in Paul's declaration of what the gospel is in 1 Corinthians 15th, nor in any other statement concerning it.

The gospel is preached in "making disciples" according to the evangelical commission. Baptizing the disciples ones was the act of initial obedience that was the means of bringing them into the enjoyment of the blessings and privileges of the gospel. Paul said: "Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel." When he had begotten men through the gospel, he left some other person to baptize.

When D. L. Moody, an immersed man, brought sinners to conviction and penitence and to an indication of their desire to accept Christ as a personal Savior, he wisely left them in the hands of the pastor of the churches of their preference or other workers in the inquiry room or in private to lead them in the way of salvation as to baptism. He could not do any other way in a union meeting under existing conditions in divided Christendom. Neither can any of

our evangelists who are called to lead such union evangelistic services.

Two immense advantages are gained.

1. Constantly the good people of other churches are hearing "the plea" night after night in our union meetings. 2. Other evangelists are made to see and to adopt our methods of evangelism that are so simple, so clearly biblical and so much more effective than in a brief time the old emotional and irrational make-shifts will vanish with the increasing intelligence diffused through union efforts in Bible schools and C. E. Societies.

We cannot afford to spurn these advantages simply because we cannot bring good people to see as we do at once on the formal matter of baptism. Our evangelists need a large measure of the Spirit of Christ, the wisdom of Paul and patience of hope to fit them for leading in union evangelism and they will soon become the recognized masters of assemblies in such services. Men who have not these essential requisites for this larger work should not give any time to union meetings but do the best work they can to build up our own section of the church of God.

Indianapolis, Ind.

MEMORIES OF LINCOLN.

David Homer Bates' memories of Lincoln in the telegraph office during the writer's war service will deal in the mid-summer holiday number of *The Century* with Lincoln's forebodings of defeat at the polls, giving intimate and interesting details of Lincoln and Stanton during these troubled times, why Lincoln did not favor Johnson for vice-president, of Lincoln's autographic estimate of the electoral vote, and other incidents of this critical period.

"Even our adversity may prove a burning bush in the desert where God may remind us of better things to come."

Lesson Text Exodus 32:1-8; 30:35	The Sunday School Lesson Image Worship*	International Series 1907 July 28
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Two impulses were strong among the Hebrew people, and were the subject of continual reproof from the prophets. The first was the tendency to worship other gods, such as they found among the nations around them; the other was the desire to represent their own God, Jehovah, in some visible form, after the manner of other people.

Of these two impulses the first met with unconditional opposition from the first and continuously throughout the history, until the hard experience of the exile put an end forever to the danger of such apostasy. But the other temptation, to the representation of God in some visible form, seems not to have met such violent opposition at first, and even well on in the prophetic period to have been viewed with a mixture of contempt and toleration.

There was an essential difference between the two things. One was the deliberate abandonment of Jehovah for another god, such as Baal, Moloch or Chemosh. It was unfaithfulness to God. It was the departing from the national faith and therefore from such conduct as could bring safety to the people. It was wicked, heathenish, idolatrous.

The other was the impulse of a people who were not unfaithful to their God, but wished to have before them some visible symbol of his power, a representation of his being. It was the exchange of the spiritual, imageless religion of the prophets for a pictured or graven form, in which case there was the added danger of degrading the worship with the sensuous rites which usually attended such displays.

There are several instances of the use of images for worship in the Old Testament which were viewed by the teachers of later centuries with abhorrence, but apparently by those of the immediate age with more or less indifference. Micah the Ephraimite had both a molten and a graven image, and these were later appropriated by the leaders of the tribe of Dan as tribal images of Jehovah (Jud. 17, 18). Gideon used the gold ornaments of his Midianite spoil to make an image which he set up in Ophrah his home (Jud. 8: 27). Later prophetic sentiment viewed this as evil in its results, but it passed without condemnation in his day.

None the less, the effect of such conduct was always unhappy. It broke down the line of clear separation between Israel's higher religion and the debased cults of the neighboring nations, and it was natural that the prophetic spirit should use one of the earliest manifestations of the tendency to teach the lesson of avoidance of all such error.

One of the conspicuous examples of such a debased worship of Jehovah was seen in the erection by Jeroboam the son of Nebat of the two golden bulls, one at Bethel on the southern boundary of his kingdom, and the other at Dan in

H. L. Willett

the north. It was evident that the king did not intend to abandon the national faith, for his words of institution were, "These are thy Gods, O Israel, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt." That was the title by which Jehovah was best known. But the evil results of this image-worship were more fully revealed in the idolatries against which Elijah and Elisha were compelled to contend.

From that age of stress and storm toward the close of the northern kingdom, when the evil of the high places had been fully tested and the harmful effects of such symbols were well known, came the Ephraimite prophetic writer who has preserved for us the story of the golden calf. Perhaps in the minds of earlier prophets such an act would have had less significance. But with his knowledge of the harmful results of all images in worship it was worth while recounting with strong condemnation an episode of the wilderness experience whose lesson could now be enforced.

It was not surprising that the figure of a bull should be chosen as the fitting likeness of the divine presence. In Egypt, from which the people had just come, the bull was sacred. A special breed of cattle was kept for religious purposes, and the beast which showed the marks supposed to indicate the true succession was the object of veneration in life, and was buried, after being embalmed, in the sacred tombs called the Serapeum.

It was because of his rash impiety in stabbing one of these sacred bulls that Cambyes lost his Egyptian kingdom, the nation rising in fury to avenge the insult to its god.

Therefore, in spite of that anthropomorphism which is so often seen in the Old Testament, the impulse to represent God in the form of a man, when the wish came to actually set up an image for worship it is not strange that it was the example of Egypt which was followed. Then, too, one must remember that the bull was the emblem of the tribe of Ephraim, the strongest of all the tribes. This may have had its influence here as in the days of Jeroboam.

At the mouth of the valley that runs between Jebel Musa, the traditional Mt. Sinai, and its nearest mountain neighbor Jebel ed-Dier, there is a mound, perhaps fifty feet high, which the Arabs call Tel Harun, "the hill of Aaron." Here it is believed Aaron set up the golden calf and built an altar to its worship.

In another valley on the opposite side of Jebel Musa, there is a rock with a rather shapeless cavity in it. This, say the natives, was the mold in which the golden calf was cast. So strongly are all the details of the wilderness journey impressed on the region where Jew, Christian and Mohammedan alike have believed the events of the Exodus took place.

The reason for Moses' strong opposition to the calf worship is seen in that feature of the worship which was sure

to follow the festal meal,—the obscene dances in which the austere lessons of purity were forgotten in the revelries which became the more seductive because they passed for religious rites. To a passionate and excitable people like the Hebrews the features of the nature worship around them sure to be introduced with every revival of image worship, were absolutely fatal to personal and domestic purity.

Nor must it be forgotten that the temptation to dilute Christian life into something approaching worldly conduct is more dangerous than the solicitation to actual and open sin. The latter is often scorned by people who will accept a half evil, and so at last fall quite away.

The nobility and unselfishness of Moses are apparent and impressive. The part that Aaron took in the orgy made the trial all the greater. It is always a satisfaction to evil minded men when they can secure the co-operation of religious leaders in their plans. Moses would never tolerate the sin of the people, nor profit by it. If it was his own brother who assisted in it, it must be his tribe, the Levites, who should wipe out the disgrace.

The noble plea made by Moses for the people is in harmony with his character as portrayed in all our sources. Not for himself, but for the nation were his efforts, and even what seemed an opportunity to build up a nation of his own on, the ruin of Israel made no appeal to him. Such a character was of the very essence of prophetic example and appeal. The contrast between the two brothers, the one time-serving and timid, the other intrepid and uncompromising, the one essentially a priest with his face to the past, the other a prophet with his eyes to the future, could not fail to impress all to whom the message of the prophets came, that out of much suffering, patience, self-denial and love the nation had been builded.

Nor are these qualities less conspicuous, but rather the more, in that greater leader, who out of the Egypt of self-interest, and through the desert of temptation and testing leads all his faithful ones into the Promised Land.

Daily Readings.

Mon., July 22.—The golden calf.—Exod. 32:1-14. **Tues.**—Moses destroys the calf.—Exod. 32:15-24. **Wed.**—Moses' intercession.—Exod. 32:25-35. **Thurs.**—The second table.—Exod. 34:1-14. **Fri.**—Remember!—Deut. 9:7-21. **Sat.**—A king's sin.—1 Kings 12:25-33. **Sun.**—Forgetting God.—Psa. 106:7-22.

Life, human life, is a precious thing, and recklessness is not courage. Yet there is deep truth in the lines,

"We never can begin to live
Unless we dare to die."

We never have measured life up to its highest and fullest, never learned its deepest meaning until we have learned that there are causes in which it should be risked, sacrificed if need be, unhesitatingly.

*International Sunday School lesson for July 28. The Golden Calf. Ex. 32:1-8, 30-35. Golden Text. "Little children keep yourselves from idols." 1. John 5:21; memory verses, 34, 35.

Scripture Philip 4	The Prayer Meeting	Topic for July 31
	Favorite Bible Verses	

My Favorite Verse in a Favorite Chapter. Topic, July 31, Philippians 4.

This chapter abounds in choice sayings. The verse that has the focus of consciousness at a given moment is selected by the mood of the moment. No one verse expresses all the truth. The soul that is awake to all its possibilities does not have one favorite verse. Its needs are various and it goes to many parts of the scripture for its sustenance.

Steadfastness.

The exhortations of Paul differ from common attempts to invigorate the fagged will in that a great and heroic life gave force to the words of Paul. The Philippians knew that he had a right to say, "Stand fast," for he was proving by his sacrifices that he understood what he was asking. There is nothing more exasperating than the "encouragement" that loafers offer to workers. "Stand fast" is an insult from any but one who has been tried and proved worthy.

Unity.

Two good women in the church at Philippi were at odds. Their labors in the gospel won the praise of Paul. But they did not see alike in all things and evidently they were disposed to magnify their differences. Paul requests a fellow-

Silas Jones

worker to help these women to adjust their difficulty. He did not like to see them making fools of themselves. A peacemaker in every church would be a mighty agency for the progress of the gospel. A church meets disaster occasionally because pride gets the better of the love of God.

Joy and Peace.

Paul had religion enough to make him happy. Some people get just enough to trouble them. They cannot live in sin without the sting of conscience and yet they have never experienced the joy of undivided allegiance to God. The joy of self-denial is incomprehensible to them. They have no peace, because they have not fought for it. They have not with resolution put down the evil and exalted the good. The apostle had joy and peace for the reason that he paid the price.

Lofty Thoughts.

I fear that we sometimes speak so freely of wickedness that we fix it more firmly in the mind. The sinner is aware of his sin only after he has learned of righteousness. The chief business of the preacher is to teach the truth. To condemn error is of secondary importance.

For our deliverance from sin we need to cultivate the habit of thinking good thoughts. As a great thought begins to unfold itself in the mind, we are able to see the littleness and baseness of other thoughts we have entertained. "Think of Christ every day" is a call to aim for the best. One who has before his mind daily the example of Christ is lifted up and purified in thought and feeling.

Co-operation.

Paul could receive a gift without loss of independence and self-respect. The gift increased his efficiency. The Philippians were interested in the message which Paul was delivering. They wished to see it proclaimed throughout the world. If Paul took upon himself the tasking of preaching it, they were willing to minister to him in material things. It is only as a man renders service that he can without injury to himself receive gifts. The more a man receives, the less admirable is he if he does not serve. The source from which he receives has nothing to do with the effect on his character. The loafer who inherits vast wealth is just as contemptible as he would be if he had received it from the public as a gift.

Eureka, Ill.

Scripture Isaiah 43:1-13	The Christian Endeavor Meeting	Topic for July 28
	Christ in Africa	

In accord with the request of the American Christian Missionary Society, many of our Endeavor Societies exchanged the topics of June 30 and July 28. Those societies which did not do so may find a discussion of the topic, "Work Among the Mormons," in the Christian Century of June 20).

The first missionary was sent to South Africa in 1735. He was George Schmidt, who was sent out by the Moravian Church, but so hostile was the policy of the Dutch Government that he was able to remain on the field only seven years. After this date the history of missions in Africa may be divided into three periods. Dr. James Stewart states these as follows. (1) From 1790 to 1840; (2) From 1840 to 1860; (3) The latest period, from 1860 to the present time. Little was accomplished in the first period and what little was done was in the South, where Great Britain had taken over the Cape of Good Hope, and thereby created better conditions for missionary work.

David Livingstone who went to Africa in 1840 is the central figure of the second period of missionary activity. He towers as the great pioneer missionary of Africa. Stanley who followed him says of Livingstone: "In the annals of exploration of the dark continent we look in vain among other nationalities for such a name as Livingstone's. He had traveled 29,000 miles in Africa, and add-

Royal L. Handley

ed 1,000,000 square miles to the known regions of the globe." Sir Bartle Frere, as President of the Royal Geographical Society, said: "Every year will add fresh evidence to show how well considered were the plans he took in hand, and how vast must have been the results of the movements he set in motion."

In his work Livingstone looked far into the future and made his plans for the ultimate breaking up of the slave traffic in Africa and for opening up the central part of the continent by highways of commerce. His journeys were prophetic in that they formed a cross upon the face of the continent as he passed from South Africa northward and made his way across the country east and west.

The third period has been that of great expansion and the greatest activity in missionary work in Africa. Nearly all of the continent is open for the entrance of missionary societies and practically all of the churches of Christendom have missionaries now in the African field. Even in Muhammadan territory along the Mediterranean, which is the most difficult work of the continent, there are men who are bravely and patiently preaching the Gospel.

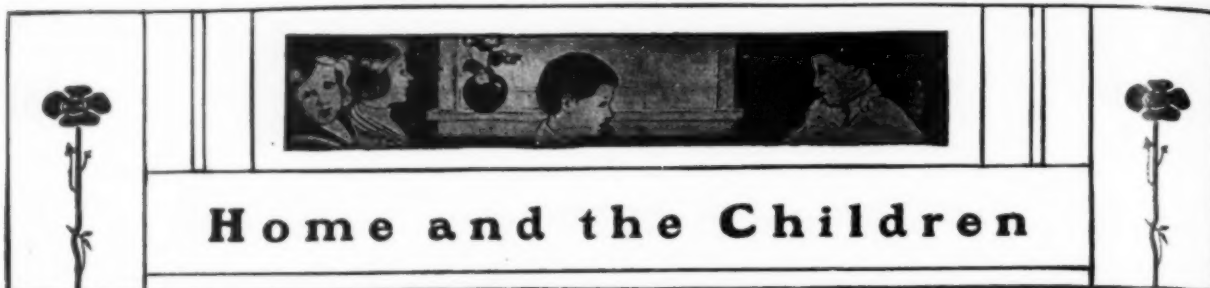
Interest of the Disciples centers in our own work at Bolenge, hundreds of miles up the Congo River from the western coast. Here on the banks of the river,

on a compound of fifteen acres, are our mission buildings, which are like a city set on a hill that cannot be hid. Here our faithful missionaries are holding forth the Word of Truth in the darkness of sin and superstition. Here the very ground has been hallowed by the lives of saints who have sacrificed all and even in some cases, their lives that the pagan people of Africa might have the knowledge of a Savior.

There is no mission on the foreign field where the work is carried on more successfully than here. In Sunday School, in Endeavor Society, in Day School and Bible Study Classes, in industrial work and in evangelism, unceasingly day after day the work is carried forward with the greatest vigor and most remarkable success. Our native church of a hundred members, supports more than one-tenth of its number as evangelists. These men go out to neighboring villages and preach with a success, the account which reads like a New Acts of the Apostles. They bring inquiring souls to our missionaries by the score.

Daily Readings.

Mon.—The sons of Ham (Gen. 10:1-9).
Tues.—Woe on Ethiopia (Isa. 18:1-6).
Wed.—A fulfilled prophecy (Ezek. 29:8-14). Thurs.—A query (Jer. 13:23-25).
Fri.—A kind African (Jer. 28:7-13). Sat.—Africa's future (Psa. 68:31-35). Sunday, June 30, 1907. Foreign Missions: Christ in Africa (Isa. 43:1-13).



THE NURSE.

I lay my hand on your aching brow,
Softly, so! And the pain grows still.
The moisture clings to my soothing palm,
And you sleep because I will.

You forget I am here? 'Tis the darkness
hides,
I am always here, and your needs I
know.
I tide you over the long, long night
To the shores of the morning glow.

So God's hand touches the aching soul,
Softly, so! And the pain grows still.
All grief and woe from the soul he draws,
And we rest because he wills.

We forget—and yet he is always here!
He knows our needs and he heeds our
sighs.
No night so long but he smooths and
stills
Till the dawn light rims the skies.
—Charles P. Cleaves, in the Outlook.

A DEPENDABLE GIRL.

By Emma C. Dowd.

Mabel Taft was the only girl in school that owned a camera. Sometimes she took pictures at recess and after lessons were over for the day. The children thought it great fun to pose for her.

"O, take us playing London Bridge!" proposed Caro Conklin.

"All right," said Mabel, "I will."

This was just before the afternoon session; but by four o'clock it had grown so cloudy that Mabel decided they would have to wait until another day.

"I know I could not get a good picture now," she said; "it is so dark."

"O dear!" mourned Sadie Brown, "I can't come to school to-morrow. I'm going to Hartford with mother. Don't take it while I'm gone, will you?"

"No, Sadie, I won't take it till you are here," Mabel promised.

The next day it rained, but the day after that was sunny, and the girls begged for the photograph.

"I can't take it," Mabel said; "Sadie isn't here."

"Never mind," argued Caro Conklin, "She can be in another one. It's a lovely day for it and all the rest of us are here—come, do!"

Mabel shook her head. "I promised Sadie I wouldn't."

Caro pouted. "You didn't promise to wait forever," she fretted. "Besides, she didn't propose it, and the one that did ought to have her say."

But Mabel held to her word, and it was a whole week before Sadie and sunny skies came together. Then the picture was taken, and each girl had a print to keep.

Not long after this, Caro's grandmother fell sick and one night after school Caro was sent across the town to

her grandmother's home. On her way she met Mabel Taft.

"O, come with me!" she begged. "I don't believe I can get back until late, and I'm afraid to go through Veteran street alone after dark."

"I have an errand to do for mother, over east," Mabel said; "but I'll tell you what—you won't be afraid as far as here, and if you get back first you can wait here for me, and if I'm first, I'll wait for you."

So it was agreed. But when Caro reached the corner on her home walk there was no Mabel in sight. It was later and duskier than even Caro had anticipated, for she had had to stay to do something for grandma.

"O, I'm afraid she's gone on!" Caro said to herself, feeling very much like crying, for she was a timid girl. Then she happened to think of Mabel's picture promise, and she took heart at once. "Of course, she'd have waited," she argued, "'cause she never breaks her word." So she walked up and down in front of the drug store; but the minutes went by, and Mabel did not come. "Perhaps I ought not to wait," she muttered. "What if she has gone!" and her heart gave a leap of dismay. Again she cheered herself with the assurance, "But no, she said she'd stay, and she would"—and just then Mabel's trim little figure showed in the darkening cross street.

"I was hindered," she explained.

"I was almost afraid you'd gone on and left me," Caro said, with a joyous squeeze of Mabel's arm.

"Why, of course, I wouldn't," cried Mabel. "I promised, you know."

Then, suddenly, Caro realized what a splendid thing it is to keep one's promises, for a friend who does this can always be depended upon.

Caro is learning to be dependable, too, and the picture of London Bridge is an ever-present reminder of the girl who never breaks her word.—The Congregationalist.

SYMPTOMS OF TIREDNESS.

They differ according to the individual, and wise is the man who is able to recognize his own peculiar symptom. Some one tells of an old lady who, when completely tired out, was always possessed with the determination to get up on a chair and wipe the dust off the tops and backs of her picture frames. Her daughter came to recognize the signal, and if she could induce her mother to take a nap instead, the crisis was passed. This fretful attention to details is a symptom with many, and they worry about trifles and think up work which can easily wait a more convenient season. Some become nervously talkative, some provokingly dumb, some strangely forgetful. Certain persons develop touchiness or a hypercritical mood which leads them to find fault with their food and everything else.

Most of us, however, are flatly and frankly cross. We know it and we hate ourselves for it; but what we don't always recognize is that it is abnormal and only a symptom. Once realize that and the first step toward rest is taken.—The Congregationalist.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

"How far away is the Temple of Fame?"
Asked a youth at the dawn of day;
And he tolled and dreamed of a deathless
name,
But the hours went by and the evening
came,
That left him feeble and old and lame,
To plod on his cheerless way.

The youth who had failed could never
guess

The reason his quest was vain;
But he sought no other to help or bless;
He followed the glittering prize, Success,
Up the narrow pathway of selfishness,
And this had been his bane.

"How far away is the Temple of Good?"
Asked a youth at the dawn of day;
And he strove in a spirit of brotherhood,
To help and succor, as best he could,
The poor and unfortunate multitude
On their hard and dreary way.

He likewise strove with adversity,
To climb to the heights above;
But his dream was ever of men made
free,
Of better days in the time to be,
And self was buried in sympathy—
He followed the path of love.

He was careless alike of praise and
blame;

But after his work was done,
An angel of glory from Heaven came
And wrote on high his immortal name,
Proclaiming this truth—that the Temple
of Fame

And the Temple of Good are one.

For this is the lesson that history
Has taught since the world began—
That those whose memories never die,
That shine like stars in our human sky,
And brighter grow as the years roll by,
Are men who have lived for Man.

—J. A. Edgerton.

THE SILENCE CURE.

The English say that American women are prone to over-sociability. Their natural vivacity and the desire to appear cordial and good-natured readily accounts for this. But much talking is also a symptom of nervousness and easily becomes a habit. A famous American specialist in nervous diseases, Dr. Weir Mitchell, declares that women often talk themselves into a nervous collapse, and prescribes silence as part of his rest cure. Talking, he says, reduces the vital force. When the nervous strength is

limited, as it is with most modern women, even in health, it is worth while to set a guard over the tongue and to plan deliberately for occasional hours of quiet and solitude. One has only to lose one's voice temporarily to find out how many unnecessary remarks one makes. Our religion does not call for vows of silence but out health does at times, and there is a healing and refreshment in it which make for poise and amiability and repose.—The Congregationalist.

THE VALUE OF CONVERSATION.

By Rev. Alex Whyte.

It is one of God's most frequent ways to make use of godly conversations to the awakening, and to the undeceiving, of those who have hitherto had nothing but a name to live. And, more than that, He makes use of godly and close-coming conversation, not only for the awakening and the undeceiving of others, but for the deeper awakening, and the deeper undeceiving, of those who are His own people already. "I would be very glad," writes Teresa, "that we five should meet together from time to time for the undeceiving of one another, and to confer how we are to reform ourselves so as to give His Majesty some satisfaction in us. For," she continues, "no man knows himself so well as other men know him. And no man is so frank and so true toward himself as a wise and a firm friend is, or ought to be. Our preachers," she continues, "ought to do all that for us. But, as a matter of fact, everybody knows that they do not much help their hearers to the knowledge of themselves. They do not come close enough to us. They do not tell us plainly enough what we are. They do not call a spade a spade. They preach, but it is so as not to alarm us too much, or to offend us in any way. Just look around you and see," she continues; "do you know any man whose life has been much amended by the preaching he has heard? Yes; let us five friends meet together regularly with this one determination, to speak plainly to one another before it is too late." So far Santa Teresa. And I have sometimes had her idea in my own mind. I have sometimes thought myself of trying to start a secret clerical club of five or six men who were in dead earnest about their own souls. Not a club for questions of theological science; or for questions of Old or New Testament criticism; or even for pulpit and pastoral efficiency. But for questions that are arising within us all every day concerning our own corrupt hearts. A club for deep, and searching, and self-undeceiving, and God-pleasing work within ourselves; work exactly like that which that great saint and great genius tried in vain to start in Spain. But I am afraid that I have postponed my proposal till it is too late. At any rate, the club has lost Dr. Laidlaw, who would have been our convener and our chairman. He is taking the chair now where an altogether other kind of questions are being discussed, and where, in God's light, he is now seeing light. But, perhaps, some of his former students, or some of yourselves, will take up and will carry out my too-late intention, and will start in your own Edinburgh presbytery some such club of the soul.

There is no plot so deep but the divers of justice will bring it to light.—Ex.

Let's Cheer Up

Recently two men who had been convicted of stealing a cow and stealing a watch, respectively, met while exercising in the courtyard of the prison.

"What time is it?" inquired the cow thief in a grimly humorous vein.

"Milking time," was the unexpected retort.—Tattler.

Mrs. Edgerton Blunt—"But why did you leave your last place?"

Applicant—"I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum."

Mrs. E. B. (shocked)—"Dear me! Did they quarrel very much, then?"

Applicant—"Yes, mum; when it wasn't me an' 'im, it was me an' 'er."—Answers.

Harry, a bright youngster, was told by his mother that she would give him five cents for a dozen pins he rescued from the floor, thus preventing her one-year-old babe, who was just beginning to crawl, from finding them. "What'll will you do with the money when you earn it, Harry?" he was asked by a neighbor. "With the first five cents," said Harry promptly, "I'll buy a paper of pins and scatter them all over the house."—Harper's Weekly.

There were some phases of country life with which the little city girl had as yet only one day's acquaintance, but the rights of property-owners and property-renters were firmly fixed in her mind.

"Mother!" she called in evident excitement, the morning after the family had settled for the summer in Sunset View Cottage, "mother! just come here and look! There are somebody's hens wiping their feet on our nice clean grass!"—The Youth's Companion.

Over the Transom.

Two well-known Portland men, Mr. C. and Mr. K., roomed together at the Preble house in that city. One evening, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, Mr. C. retired before Mr. K. and the latter, on arriving rather late at the room, found the door locked, the key on the inside and his friend snoring loudly.

After repeatedly pounding on the door and awakening the other guests, he succeeded in arousing his roommate. Mr. C. jumped out of bed, and after climbing on to a chair managed with considerable trouble to force open the transom. Then he passed the key out to Mr. K. sleepily saying he was awfully sorry for having locked him out. But Mr. K. felt more than satisfied, as he roared at the ridiculous performance of his half-awake roommate.

Experience.

A certain member of the Pittsburg Stock Exchange, says an exchange, has set his nephew up in business three times, but the young man lacks something essential to success in the line selected for him, and has failed with each effort:

When he recently appeared before the uncle with his fourth request, the latter said:

"You must learn to lean on yourself. I can't carry you all my life. I'll tell you what I'll do. You owe me a great deal as the result of your last failure. Pitch in and work till you pay off those debts. When you've done that, I'll give you a

check for what they amount to. Such an experience will do you more good than all the money I could give you now."

Two months later the nephew walked in with every claim receipted in full, and the uncle was so delighted that he gave the promised check.

"How did you manage it, Howard?" he asked, after an expression of congratulation.

"I borrowed the money," replied Howard.

Removed at Last.

A West Point cadet, some years ago, was told by his instructor to draw up the plans and specifications for a railroad viaduct to connect two high hills, between which ran a small stream. Harper's Weekly tells the story:

In due course an excellent set of drawings was presented, one showing the bridge in its completion with a sketch of the surroundings. On the bridge sat two men, with their legs hanging over the side, fishing. The drawing was returned with the request that the men be removed from the bridge.

Upon receiving the paper the second time the professor discovered that his instructions had been carried out, but that the two men were seated on the bank of the stream, still in quest of fish.

Again was the paper returned, and this time with positive orders to remove the men from the drawing altogether. Imagine the consternation which overspread the features of the "learned instructor," upon receiving the papers for a third time, to find two little graves and tombstones with appropriate epitaphs, situated near the bank of the stream. His orders had been obeyed, and the men removed altogether.

His Match.

Once says the Bellman, while Bishop Talbot, long known as "The Cowboy Bishop," was attending a meeting of dignitaries of the church in St. Paul, a tramp approached a group of bishops gathered on the hotel porch at noon and asked for aid.

"No," one of the churchmen replied. "I don't think we can do anything. But down there is the youngest bishop of us all (pointing to Bishop Talbot), and he's a very generous man." The tramp went to Bishop Talbot and the others watched with interest. They saw a look of surprise come over the tramp's face—they saw that the bishop was talking eagerly, earnestly—they saw the tramp look perturbed—but they finally saw something passed from hand to hand. The tramp tried to get away without speaking to those of the group, but the former spokesman called to him. "Well, did you get something from our young brother?" The tramp grinned sheepishly. "No, I gave him a dollar for his new cathedral at Laramie!"

Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou alimest at
Be thy country's, God's and Truth's.

—Shakespeare.

I find that successful exertion is a powerful means of exhilaration, which discharges itself in good humor upon others.—Chalmers.

WITH THE WORKERS

Doings of Preachers, Teachers, Thinkers and Givers

A new church was dedicated at Humansville, Mo., last Sunday.

J. C. Bennett of Bisbee, Ariz., has accepted a call to Kahoka, Mo.

Ernest Reed, Knoxville, Tenn., is the new minister at Murphysboro, Ill.

The brethren in McKeesport, Pa., are planning for a new church building.

Chas. E. McVay, singer, is in a meeting with E. H. Holmes, Plano, Texas.

L. B. Meyers and C. W. VanDolah have established a new church at Turon, Kas.

W. M. Jordon of Quincy, Ill., is spending this month on the western coast and in Montana.

G. F. Assiter has been extended a call for another year by the brethren of Rogersville, Pa.

A. B. Jett of Weaver, Ia., has been called to the pastorate of the church at Montezuma, Ia.

Reports in regard to the condition of N. G. Brown, pastor in Galesburg, Ill., are encouraging.

S. J. Ephar has resumed his labors at Brooklyn, Ia., after a three weeks' vacation in Nebraska.

A. J. Mize will hold meetings in Georgia during the summer at Conyers, Monroe and other points.

D. R. Dungan has been called to supply the pulpit of the church in Maryville, Mo., for two months.

Chas. E. Geis of New Centerville, Pa., has begun his work as pastor in his new field at Willoughby, Ohio.

H. H. Jenner, pastor of the church at New Bedford, Ill., will hold a meeting in the fall with home forces.

The pulpit of the University Place Church, Des Moines, Ia., was supplied July 7th by Chas. G. Stout.

The church at Hamburg, Ia., will hold a meeting in October with Chas. E. McVay in charge of the music.

J. A. Parker, who went recently from Indiana to locate as pastor at Arapahoe, Neb., has been seriously ill.

The brethren in Stafford, Kas., are making plans for a new church house to meet the needs of their work.

E. J. Sias of Bethany, Neb., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Church in Frankfort, Ind.

S. R. Reynolds has been called for another year by his church in Clearfield, Ia., at a \$200 increase in salary.

F. A. Bright, pastor in Waynesburg, Pa., was called last week to Youngstown, Ohio, by the illness of his father.

J. H. Stuckey, 243 Robey street, Argentine, Kas., can hold meetings during the summer in Kansas and Missouri.

R. B. Helser will have the help of E. L. Frazier in a meeting with the church at Fayette, Mo., to begin next week.

Harry Elcher, a student of Hiram College, occupied the pulpit of the Central Church, New Castle, Pa., on July 7th.

Under the encouraging direction of A. R. Spicer the brethren in Loraine, Ill., are planning for a new church house.

E. L. Ely has his work well in hand as pastor of the church in Lebanon, Mo. The church is building a new parsonage.

R. E. Elmore and the brethren of his church in Roanoke, Va., are contemplating the erection of a new church building.

W. E. Rambo and members of his church in Alma, Neb., are considering the enterprise of a new church building.

Lee Furgeson, formerly of LeSueur, Minn., has located at Pendleton, Ore., where he follows Victor Dorris in the work.

C. M. Chilton, pastor of the First Church, St. Joseph, Mo., is a new member of the board of trustees of Drake University.

The northwest district of the Missouri Christian Missionary Society will hold its second convention at Chillicothe, Mo., July 22-24.

Lewis B. Fisher will have the help of W. G. McColley in a meeting with the church in Cantrall, Ill., beginning September 1st.

W. J. Lhamon of the Bible College of Columbia, Mo., will deliver the Bible lectures in the chautauquas at Oregon and Nevada, Mo.

Thomas Martin has closed his work in Shamburg, Pa., and will go to Texas where he will be occupied with evangelistic work.

Brother T. L. Van Cleave, Atlanta, Ind., is doing a good work at Clarksville. He is available for preaching two Sundays each month.

J. D. Garrison, pastor of the church in Somerset, Pa., was the preacher in regular services of the church in New Centerville, Pa., on July 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Inman, our missionaries in Monterey, Mexico, are happy because of the arrival of a daughter, Winona, on June 28th.

The stately new church building erected by our brethren in Emporia, Kas., was dedicated last Sunday. Willis A. Parker is the minister.

A new building is being erected at Tip-ton, Ind., where L. H. Stine is doing a good work. Brooks Brothers will hold a meeting there this fall.

The Central Church, Wichita, Kas., of which E. W. Allen is the pastor, has made an excellent offering of \$200 for the San Francisco fund.

E. W. Emerson and F. G. Hamm, the pastor in Blair, Neb., have just closed a meeting which added much strength to the church. The special services ended with an address by Brother Emerson under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. on "The Regnancy of Righteousness."

The church in Calro, Ill., will sell its church pews, in good condition with sittings for 250. This is a bargain. Write O. D. Maple, the pastor.

The Sunday school of the Jefferson Street Church, Buffalo, N. Y., where B. S. Ferrall directs the work, enjoyed its annual outing July 12th.

A. R. Liverett, Des Moines, Ia., was the orator of July 4th at Kirkville, Ia., who met the highest expectations of those who anticipated a fine address.

The South Lawrence Church, Wichita, Kas., has made improvements upon its building recently at a cost of \$1,800. O. M. Roth is the pastor of the church.

E. M. Romine, who has had unusual success in his ministry at Leon, Ia., will enter Drake University in September and continue to preach for his church at Leon.

The fifteenth annual convention of the eighth district of Illinois met at Duquoin, July 9-11. Strong preachers of the district and state workers delivered stirring addresses.

Noah Garwick, pastor at Waterloo, Ia., has been preaching Sunday afternoons at Cedar Falls. With a present membership of fifty-three, the new congregation has purchased the church property of

QUIT WHITE BREAD Could Not Get Strength From It.

A Yorkstate minister, who is interested not only in the spiritual welfare of his congregation, but in their physical well-being, says:

"I can now do an immense amount of work and feel no fatigue, for the reason that I am using Grape-Nuts food and have quit coffee entirely and am using Postum Food Coffee in its place.

"Myself and family are all greatly improved in health. We have largely abandoned the use of white bread. Upwards of twenty-five persons have changed their diet, on my recommendation. It is gladly given, because I know, from personal experience, whereof I speak."

It is a well-known fact that white bread is almost entirely composed of starch and this is difficult of digestion by many people, particularly those who have weak intestinal digestion. The result of the use of much white bread is a lack of brain and nervous power to do mental work and it also creates intestinal troubles, because the excess of starch ferments in the intestines and makes the condition right for the growth of microbes; whereas Grape-Nuts food contains the needed starch, but in a pre-digested form. That is, it is transformed into grape-sugar in the process of manufacture, and delivered in the packages, ready cooked, and in such shape that it is immediately assimilated without hard work of the digestive organs.

The food also contains the delicate particles of phosphate of potash which, combined with albumen, is used by Nature to make the gray matter in the cells of the brain and the nerve centres throughout the body, in order to give strength and ability to stand long and continuous work. "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

the Presbyterian people. The building is brick and has a seating capacity of 400, with a good basement and Sunday school rooms.

Early next month the new building of the North End Church, Knoxville, Tenn., will be dedicated. W. H. Trainum is supplying the pulpit during the summer.

J. W. Reynolds and his people of the church in Clinton, Ill., are planning for a stirring revival next fall with Evangelists John W. Marshall and Edward O. Beyer leading their forces.

The new building of the First Church in Rialto, Cal., was dedicated July 7th. The building is modern in its appointments and adequate for all of the work of the church.

F. M. Branic began his work last Sunday as pastor of the church in Red Cloud, Neb. Mrs. Clara Hazelrigg and daughter will begin a meeting with this church early next month.

Daniel George Cole is preaching for the church in Myersdale, Pa., during the summer, with a view to locating there permanently. He is preaching to increasing audiences.

F. L. Starbuck, who has been superintendent of the Bible school at Pontiac, Ill., has resigned his business position to enter Eureka College with a purpose to study for the ministry.

There have been over eighty additions to the church at Mt. Ayre, Ia., during the ten months' ministry of O. M. Johnson. Fifty-three of these persons united during the Wilson-Lintt meeting.

T. H. Adams, Edinburg, Ind., has one of the most active churches in the state. Brother Adams is a live wire every day in the year. They are planning for a great meeting led by Victor Dorris.

O. F. Jordan began his work with the church in Evanston, Ill., July 7th. His opening sermon on "Spiritual Gifts and Their Use in Christian Service" was published in full in the Evanston press.

G. C. Stearns and his people of the church in Jamaica, Ia., are arranging for a tent meeting to begin July 21st. The pastor exchanged pulpits last Sunday with L. A. Chapman of Mt. Pleasant, Ia.

S. T. Willis, pastor of the 169th St. Church, New York City, has received the honor of having the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him by Kentucky University at the recent commencement.

Evangelist Melvin Putnam, Lincoln, Neb., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Church, Bedford, Ind. This is one of our strongest Indiana churches, having a membership of over six hundred.

The pulpit of the First Church in Atchison, Kas., was occupied last Sunday by David Lyon. Although the church has been without a pastor its services are maintained regularly with good audiences.

The annual meeting of the Tripp Avenue Church, Dunmore, Pa., revealed the fact that the last year had been the most prosperous year in the history of the church. All the missionary offerings were larger than the preceding year, home missionary offerings being doubled, and the gifts on Children's Day amount-

ing to \$90. For all purposes the 200 members raised not less than \$5,000. Richard Bagby is the pastor of this prosperous congregation.

M. F. Harmon until recently has been in the publishing business at Jackson, Miss., and has been preaching at the same time. He has sold his business and is now devoting his entire time to evangelistic work.

The convention number of the Missouri Christian Message, edited by T. A. Abbott and J. H. Hardin, has been published. It gives full reports of the state work and minutes of the great state convention at Sedalia.

One thousand delegates are expected at the Illinois state convention at Jacksonville, September 9-12. Our great church there is preparing for that number, and our Illinois brethren ought to see that they are not disappointed.

Mrs. Leon Berry and O. D. Maple, the pastor, are holding a two weeks' Sunday school revival in the church at Cairo, Ill. This Sunday school has increased in attendance from 37 to 78. A new church house is in the course of erection.

H. H. Harmon, pastor of the First Church, Lincoln, Neb., has been confined to his home for a few days by illness. He will deliver the chief sermon and conduct the Bible studies daily at the Kearney, Neb., Chautauqua this month.

Burgess Hall at Eureka College, Eureka, Ill., is being redecorated throughout and remodeled on the third floor. The improvements will add to the convenience and usefulness of the building. The outlook for the college next year is excellent.

At the last meeting of the executive committee of the Foreign Society, Leslie Wolfe and wife of Zearing, Ia., were appointed missionaries to Manila, P. I.; T. A. Young, Lexington, Ky., was appointed to Japan; Miss Eva Ray, Marysville, O., was also appointed, her field of labor to be fixed later on.

E. B. Barnes, Noblesville, Ind., recently held a meeting at Washington, N. C., with fifty-seven additions. A. B. Cunningham is doing an excellent work there. Brother Barnes will begin a meeting at Belhaven, N. C., in August. He will also hold meetings at Plymouth, Columbia and Greenville before leaving the state.

The five churches of Tarkio, Mo., unite in outdoor Sunday evening services during July and August. C. G. Brelos, pastor of the Christian Church, has been largely instrumental in inaugurating these outdoor services, which have proved themselves successful during two years. The services are attended by hundreds of people.

Unique Sunday afternoon services are held in a base ball park in Buffalo, N. Y. They are union in character, ministers of the city preaching, and a choir of five hundred voices from the city churches leading the music. B. S. Ferrall of the Jefferson Street Christian Church had part in the services July 7th, when Dr. O. P. Gifford was the preacher.

M. B. Ryan closed a short meeting at Sweets Corners, Ont., June 30th, in which there were seventeen additions.

Just prior to the meeting the congregation dedicated a fine church building constructed of cement brick, and modern in equipment and architecture. The congregation had lost the use of the building in which they had met jointly with the Methodists. The new church house is worth \$700 and is one of the best in the county.

In the Bible School contest between Ipava, and Table Grove, Ill., two of the three points were won by the Table Grove school, which had a total attendance of 1,952 against 1,534 of the Ipava school. The total collections were \$162.62 for Ipava and \$105.40 for Table Grove. The Table Grove school had 112 new scholars and Ipava 77. It was a helpful and pleasant contest for both schools. F. S. Nichols has been the active minister of the Table Grove church since last September.

James N. Crutcher has resigned as pastor of the First Church in Chillicothe, Mo., to accept a call to Higginsville, Mo. His work in his new field will begin immediately, although he will have the month of August as a vacation. Mr. Crutcher has accomplished much in his work for the church in Chillicothe, having received more than two hundred and fifty new members into the church. He has been fearless and aggressive in his work for civic righteousness, and during his pastorate made for himself a place of influence and power in the community. The Higginsville church to which he goes

A SMALL SECRET

Couldn't Understand the Taste of His Customers.

Two men were discussing the various food products now being supplied in such variety and abundance.

One, a grocer, said, "I frequently try a package or so of any certain article before offering it to my trade, and in that way sometimes form a different idea than my customers have."

"For instance, I thought I would try some Postum Food Coffee, to see what reason there was for such a call for it. At breakfast I didn't like it and supper proved the same, so I naturally concluded that my taste was different from that of the customers who bought it right along."

"A day or two after, I waited on a lady who was buying a 25c package and told her I couldn't understand how one could fancy the taste of Postum."

"I know just what is the matter," she said "you put the coffee boiler on the stove for just fifteen minutes, and ten minutes of that time it simmered, and perhaps five minutes it boiled; now if you will have it left to boil full fifteen minutes after it commences to boil, you will find a delicious Java-like beverage, rich in food value of gluten and phosphates, so choice that you will never abandon it, particularly when you see the great gain in health." Well, I took another trial and sure enough I joined the Postum army for good, and life seems worth living since I have gotten rid of my old time stomach and kidney troubles."

Postum is no sort of medicine, but pure liquid food, and this, together with a relief from coffee worked the change. "There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

is the largest church in that city, and only last year completed a fine new \$20,000 church building. There is every promise of success in his new field. He will continue as a member of the State Board of Charities, which has oversight of many of the state institutions.

In a contest between the Sunday schools of Rockford and Rock Falls, Ill., for first place in the first district, the victory fell to the latter school. The total offerings during the past quarter were: Rock Falls, \$102.16, and Rockford, \$91.68. In a little more than a year the Rock Falls school has grown from an average attendance of less than 70 to an average attendance of 158. C. F.

Ladd, of Mendota, Ill., has been called to supply the Rock Falls pulpit until September, and will no doubt be called to become permanent pastor, succeeding Roy Stauffer, who goes to Syracuse, N. Y.

The receipts of the Foreign Society for the first eleven days of July amounted to \$14,763, a gain of \$3,278 over the corresponding time last year. There was a gain of sixteen contributing churches and 119 Sunday schools. The total receipts to July 11th amount to \$207,995, a gain over the corresponding time last year of \$19,337. There has been a gain of \$8,163 from the Sunday schools and \$11,583 from the churches, as churches. We can certainly reach the \$300,000 if

every church and school and friend will do their full part.

The jubilee convention of the California churches will be held in Garfield Park, Santa Cruz, Cal., July 23-24. The sessions will meet in the tabernacle of Garfield Park, a suburb of Santa Cruz, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. The convention speakers are J. J. Haley, Richmond, Va.; W. R. Warren, Pittsburg, Pa.; J. H. Mohorter, Mrs. Ida Harrison, A. C. Smithers, M. W. Harkins, and other strong preachers and able business men of the coast. Information as to tenting and lodging may be obtained from R. N. Davis, Santa Cruz, Cal. A. Lyle De Jarnette is pastor of the Santa Cruz church.

Among the Disciples of Chicago

Clark Cummings was the preacher last Sunday morning at the Sheffield Avenue Church. W. F. Shaw, the pastor, is enjoying a rest and vacation in eastern Canada.

The pulpit of the First Church was supplied last Sunday by Prof. Walter Stairs of Texas Christian University.

Prof. A. D. Veach of Drake University, who is studying at the University of Chicago during the summer, preached last Sunday for the brethren in Waukegan.

C. M. Sharpe will preach next Sunday in the First Church.

C. G. Kindred was in his pulpit last Sunday for the last time prior to his vacation. There were five additions at the morning service.

Paul McReynolds, in the absence of S. T. Martin, preached in the regular services of the West End Church.

R. L. Handley spoke last Sunday for

the church at Aurora, Ill., and received four additions.

A reception was given for O. F. Jordan, the new pastor of the Evanston Church, in the auditorium of the church on Tuesday evening of last week. Mr. Shatz, chairman of the board, presided during the early part of the evening, when brief addresses were made by E. S. Ames, the first pastor of the church; Rev. Whitesides, one of the local pastors; R. L. Handley, and the new minister. Special music and refreshments were served in the parlors of the church and added much to the interest and success of the happy occasion. Not only was the pastor given a warm welcome, but Mrs. Narrimore spoke for the ladies of the church and in a pleasing way expressed their gratification at the coming of the pastor's wife, who has been so closely identified with the missionary work of the church.

Prof. B. S. Dean of Hiram College, Hiram, Ohio, will speak at the Englewood Church next Sunday. A. Martin, pastor at Davenport, Ia., will preach Aug. 4th, and N. S. Haynes, now at Decatur, Ill., former pastor of the church, is expected to speak Aug. 11th.

During the past two months the exterior of the West Pullman Church building has been placed in thorough repair, neatly painted and a new fence placed about the property. The enterprise of the pastor, Guy Hoover and his people, is witnessed by the erection in the business districts of bulletin boards for the announcement of service.

J. O. Shelbourne and Singing Evangelist Knight are holding a meeting in Hammond, Ind., one of the Southern suburbs of Chicago. A tabernacle has been erected for the meeting. In the services last Sunday when the evangelist spoke to a thousand people at the morning service, and fifteen hundred at the evening service, there were 45 confessions. There were 67 during the first week. A chorus of 150 voices, organized by Mr. Knight, is leading the music. C. J. Sharpe is the pastor of the Hammond Church, to whose untiring energy is due the success of the church work in this suburb.

OUR CHICAGO CHURCHES.

Armour Avenue (colored)—3621 Armour ave.; no pastor.

Ashland Avenue—62d and Laflin sts.; W. R. Moffett, 6118 Laflin st.

Austin—Austin, Ill.; G. A. Campbell, 5815 Superior st.

Chicago Heights—Chicago Heights, Ill.; W. S. Lockhart, 5467 Lexington ave.

Douglas Park—C. M. Schoonover, 830 S. Turner ave.

Englewood—6623 Stewart ave.; C. G. Kindred, 519 W. 66th st.

Evanston—Asbury and Park aves., Evanston, Ill.; O. F. Jordan, 1021 Asbury ave.

First—47th and Grand blvd.; H. L. Willett, 389 E. 56th st.

Garfield Boulevard—Aberdeen st. and Garfield blvd.; A. W. Fortune, 5439 Aberdeen st.

Harvey—Harvey, Ill.; S. G. Buckner, Harvey, Ill.

Hyde Park—67th and Lexington ave.; E. S. Ames, 5520 Madison ave.

Irving Park—43d ave. and W. Cullom st., Irving Park; W. F. Rothenburger, 2418 N. 42d ct.

Jackson Boulevard—1010 Jackson blvd.; Parker Stockdale, 295 S. Leavitt.

Logan Square—Fullerton and California aves.; Clark W. Cummings, 5417 Dearborn st.

Maywood—911 S. 5th ave., Maywood, Ill.; Victor F. Johnson, Fifth ave., near Madison.

Metropolitan—Oakley blvd. and Van Buren st.; A. T. Campbell, 848 Jackson blvd.

Monroe Street—Monroe and Francisco sts.; C. C. Morrison, 1610 Jackson blvd. Sheffield Avenue—Sheffield ave. and George st.; Will F. Shaw, 1316 George st. South Chicago—91st st.; Elster M. Halle, 9500 Commercial ave.

West End—42d ave. and Congress st.; Sumner T. Martin, 2136 West Congress st.

West Pullman—11830 Wallace st., West Pullman; Guy Hoover, 11915 Lowe ave.

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Experiences in the Philippines. II

C. L. Pickett, M. D.

It was on the afternoon of February 8th, that, in company with Brixio Campaño, one of our native preachers, I left Laoag to make the semi-annual visit for the mission, to the Province of Cagayan and our new work in those parts. The port of Laoag is eighteen miles distant and we were told by the agent of the steamboat company that the boat would be in that night. The distance was covered in three hours by a couple of native ponies and an American buggy. Hotel accommodations in the Philippines are a thing of memory except for a comparatively few cities of the more important sort. Currimao, our port, is not of this sort so we ate the lunch that we had taken with us, and then found an accommodating native who gave us the privilege of sleeping, wrapped up in our own blankets on the bamboo floor of his two-room house, he furnishing a "potati" or woven grass mat and a pillow for each of us. The boat did not put in its appearance during the night, so we were compelled to depend on our host for breakfast, which consisted of rice and hard-boiled eggs and three bananas which we bought from a woman passing by. Breakfast over we endeavored to put in our time preaching and singing, but for three hours we found no one who seemed to care very much to listen to us. As we were just about to give up the task for the morning three men came to us and asked if we would not go with them to see a sick woman. We gladly assented, and on reaching the house found it to be the home of one of the best to do men of the village. We had no medicine with us but gave them two prescriptions which they took to the dispensary in Laoag the next day and had filled. A number of the neighbors came in in the meantime and when we were through talking about the nature of the woman's infirmities we had an audience of about twenty-five, and the conversation turned to religion without any difficulty whatever. A tract or leaflet on some religious topic was placed in the hand of every one in the house before

any one had an opportunity or excuse to pass out. A song was sung and this followed by another and these brought about fifteen more people to the house to see what was going on. This gave us a good audience and for a whole hour they listened patiently to the reading and explanation of God's Word, and then spent another half hour in asking questions and talking, while the man of the house bought a New Testament in order that he might see for himself whether our doctrine was true.

Returning to our "Hotel de Bamboo" we found our host had a most elegant dinner in course of preparation. It consisted of rice, the oriental staff of life, and a stew something after the proverbial "Irish" variety, though of course partaking something of the nature of the country in which it was prepared. On close examination it was found to contain green cucumbers and squashes cut up into convenient sized chunks, fat pork and stale fish, together with some variety of sea plants that my knowledge of marine botany would not permit me to analyze. It was not especially unpalatable, though I must confess that the after effect was remarkable for its staying qualities.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the boat put in its appearance and we took the first canoe that left the shore and went aboard. (There being no wharf and the water being shallow, even the small inter-island steamer have to anchor nearly a mile from the shore.) The boat lifted anchor at 5:30 and just at day-break the next morning we entered the mouth of the Cagayan river, having compassed a distance exactly equal to that of the entire north end of the Island of Luzon. The boat anchored in the middle of the stream, and an hour and a half later we stepped ashore in the city of Aparri. This is a town of 22,000 inhabitants, and is of importance because it is the outlet of one of the largest and most fertile valleys of the Philippine Islands. Tobacco and rice are the chief agricultural products of the region; the fishing industry is a very important one at certain seasons of the year, while some of the finest forests of the world are comparatively accessible.

We were met at the landing by Buenaventura García, our preacher, and a number of the members of the congregation. We were taken directly to his residence, one room of which is used regularly for church purposes. The room had been especially decorated for the occasion with palms and ferns and tropical leaves of various sorts, while friends had prepared a large number of paper lanterns of various colors for the evening service. At this morning's Bible school and preaching service which followed there were eighty present and the attention was excellent. In the afternoon another service was conducted in the home of one of the members, at which there were fifty present and five made the good confession. It was our intention to hold a street service also but we found that the city council had passed an ordinance compelling all people who cared to use the streets for religious purposes to first come before the municipal secretary and designate the exact location and time wanted and get a permit for the same. This we

could not do so we passed the hour which might have been used in this way in visiting the sick, of whom there seemed to be a considerable number. At the evening service our audience room was filled to its full capacity, one hundred, while fully as many more stood about on the outside. At the close of two sermons, the pastor made a short talk and in response to the question, "Is there anyone here to-night who wants to accept Christ," one stalwart, barefoot man stood up quickly and said in a loud, clear voice, "Oen, siac cayatco," which in English means "Yes I want to."

C. L. Pickett, M. D.

Laoag.

"The space that lies between ourselves and God,
Without our wills, must be for us untrod."

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"There is an outstretched hand for every sinner who cries, 'Lord, save, I perish.'"

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"This country is His chosen instrument of blessing to mankind; and God's plans never fail."

Still another:—

"Ours is the elect nation for the age to come. We are the chosen people. We cannot afford to wait. The plans of God will not wait."

And yet another:—

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Our plea is adapted to America as is no other.

Therefore:—

HOME MISSIONS

FROM THE FIELD

TELEGRAMS

Hannibal, Mo., July 14.—Hannibal offering for San Francisco was \$680. Great church here. R. H. Stockton, St. Louis, gives five thousand, which probably assures meeting R. A. Long proposition which was published two weeks ago.—P. C. Macfarlane.

CALIFORNIA

New Windsor.—In a meeting of three weeks held by S. M. Bernard of Boulder, and R. H. Lampkin, the pastor, there were 25 additions, 14 of them by confession. This makes a total of 36 additions since the present pastor began his work in March.

ILLINOIS

Cantrill.—July 7th Lewis B. Fisher, the pastor of this church, received one addition by baptism. The church is preparing for a stirring meeting this fall.

Clinton.—Since the last report J. W. Reynolds has received two additions to the church, one of them by confession. The work of the church is in a healthy condition.

INDIANA

Mt. Vernon.—The meeting held by W. A. Ward as evangelist and Chas. E. McVay, singer, ended with 14 confessions. The hot weather proved a great hindrance to services held in a building. The song evangelist goes next to Plano, Tex.

IOWA

Des Moines.—On July 7th H. E. Van Horn and members of the Capitol Hill Church were encouraged by six additions to the membership of the church. Three of these were by confession. This church has a very successful choir under the direction of Bert McCray.

MISSOURI

Tarkio.—Since the last report from this church there have been five additions to the congregation. C. G. Brelot is the pastor, who says "the thermometer has been steadily going up while Sunday audiences are going down," but we prophesy as a result of faithful summer services a turn in the tide in the matter of audiences.

Canton.—B. H. Cleaver preached for the church in Denver, Ill., July 7th, and received one confession. An excellent offering was taken for the San Francisco relief fund.

NEW YORK

Buffalo.—In regular services of the Jefferson Street Church there was one addition by baptism July 7th. B. S. Ferrall, the pastor, has oversight of a mission Sunday school with over one hundred members enrolled.

PENNSYLVANIA

Allegheny.—John G. Slayter in his regular services July 7th received two young men into the church upon confession of their faith.

Dunmore.—The Sunday school of this church observed June 30th as Decision Day. Richard Bagby, the pastor, received the confession of four of the scholars. There was one other addition by statement.

TEXAS

Sherman.—Evangelists Crossfield and Saxton are in a stirring meeting with this church. In six days there were 37 additions. J. H. Fuller is the pastor.

ECHOES FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO OFFERING.

Chicago, Ill., July 8.—Enclosed find \$23.37 for reconstruction work at San Francisco.

F. J. Bamber, Treas.

Hamilton, Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—We send \$150 for San Francisco.

L. W. McCreary, Pastor.

Seventh Street Church, Richmond, Va.—Our church makes an offering of \$250 for San Francisco reconstruction.

J. J. Haley.

Frankfort, Ky.—Our offering for San Francisco from First Church, \$76.45, is enclosed.

C. R. Hudson.

Bloomington, Ill.—First Church gives \$100 for San Francisco.—Edgar D. Jones.

Richmond, Va.—Third Church sends \$20 for San Francisco.—Gerald Culbertson; pastor.

Logansport, Ind.—I send you P. O. for \$21.50 from Ninth Street Church. The offering throughout the country ought to bring hope and courage to our brethren on the Pacific coast.—J. H. Craig, pastor.

Euclid Avenue Church, Cleveland, O.—We send \$109 for San Francisco. Total offering here will approximate \$500.—J. H. Goldner, pastor.

Clearfield, Ia.—Raised \$13.00 for San Francisco fund.—S. R. Reynolds.

Denver, Ill.—Offering of \$9 for our San Francisco brethren.—B. H. Cleaver.

Clinton, Ill.—\$9.50 raised for the San Francisco fund.—J. W. Reynolds.

MISSISSIPPI LETTER.

J. E. Speegel, of Corsicana, Tex., who was state evangelist of Mississippi for the first six months of last year, is again to become our state evangelist August 1st. He is an able man, did a splendid work before, and we are expecting great things of him again.

Mississippi now becomes a Living Link in the Home Society. M. F. Harmon, of

Jackson, is the evangelist. At present his work consists in building a beautiful stone church building in West Jackson, and a modern style pressed brick building in Hattiesburg. These two buildings are to be carried on at the same time. This evangelist has had considerable experience in church building, and he expects to practice the policy of concentration rather than scatteration in his work. The plan is to take hold of a good

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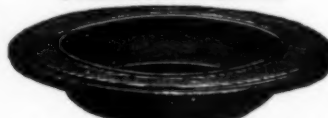
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There are many towns in south Mississippi, like Gulfport, Biloxi, Pass Christian, etc., where a fine church can be established in a short time. What we need more than anything else, is a few consecrated able men like W. M. Baker, of Meridian; B. H. Morris, of Water Valley, and L. E. Lakin, of Greenville, who will locate here at these points after the church is started and stay by the work till a good congregation is built up. What has been done at Water Valley can be accomplished in a score of places in our state. A little over two years ago B. H. Morris, fresh from college, located at Water Valley, a good town of 5,000 people on the I. C., about half way between Memphis and Jackson. The membership was small (considerably less than 100) and discouraged, with a large debt on the church, and not a cent paid on a large bill for pews, with not a wealthy member in the church. To-day they owe nothing on anything, with membership more than doubled, good collections for all missionary purposes, a happy and contented membership.

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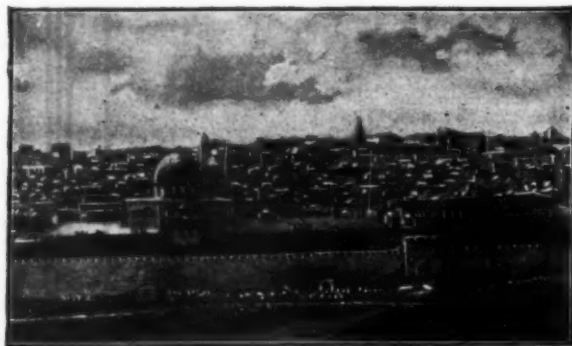
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